

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

# Maclean's

JUNE 25, 1979

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## Dressing the New Woman





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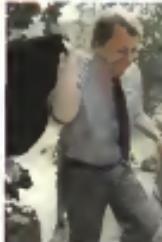
# Maclean's

JUNE 26 1979

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## Getting started

After years of playing lesser roles, gel-mat diva Sally Field finally became serious Norma Rae and could win Academy Award. **Page 10**



### Not minding the start

While some members of the new Tory government gather for a peaceful meeting at Mac Lake Health Museum, David Coonan faces his final problem. **Page 10**

Hot Weather

It's a long way from Niagara Falls," said Canadian starlet D. D. Mantei, who recently stepped into leading movie roles and will show why in an upcoming *Playboy*. **Page 22**



**COVER STORY**

As the full impact of the male factor in the workplace is felt, women's health expenses taxes and rates are high stakes for benefits—especially in the high-expense economy where dollar banks louder words—Mechanics Writer Barbara Amiel has taken a dangerous stand today: *Now Women Want More*. Their salaries which exceed the bonuses

## Blauwland

After a month of intense briefings on the Soviet peninsula, Jimmy Carter met Leonid Brezhnev with more on his mind than just a strategic arms agreement. **Page 20**

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## Editorial

# If Joe Clark defies the will of Allah, will the entire Islamic world cut out his tongue?



By Peter C. Newman

It's a fair induction of how blessed and innocent Canada really is that the first few weeks of Joe Clark's stewardship have been characterized by massive uncertainty for the issues that will decide this country's future. Not a word has been said about reorienting the Canadian economy. We have yet to hear even the hint of a federal response to René Levesque's recently reaffirmed intention of breaking the country in two. The business cycle wobbles on the edge of a downturn. None of this distresses the Canadians psyche.

Instead, the most contentious issue around is the Conservative leader's pledge that he'll move Canada's embassy in Israel to Jerusalem from Tel Aviv. All over the country, especially in Toronto where the Jewish vote still means something, reporters for daily newspapers have been assuring the few Arab bars and restaurants. They are searching for the first available and articulate Arab or once-proud Lebanese rug merchant willing to go on record as saying that if we persist in our intended perfidy, defying the will of Allah, the entire Islamic world will descend upon us, cut out Joe Clark's ebony tongue, deprive us of profitable business contracts and all supplies, reducing the land mass north of the 49th parallel to cold ash.

Such threats have in turn prompted Marc MacEachern (the first executive director of the Committee for an Independent Canada to become secretary of

state for external affairs) to respond that, well, maybe it wasn't her government's top priority anyway, and even if she doesn't look Jewish with her freckles, red hair and all, the Tories are damn well not going to let that nasty John Roberts beat Ron Atkey in St. Paul's riding the next time round. So, even if the embassy stays where it is, at least everyone's going to make a list of righteous rage about it.

In fact, Joe Clark's instincts are dead right. The entire Israeli government (except its defense ministry) operates out of Jerusalem, which is the country's officially designated capital. Thirteen of the 49 countries that exercise diplomatic relations with the Jewish state occupy embassies in Jerusalem, because that is where nearly all diplomatic business is transacted. Even those ambassadors who live in Tel Aviv spend most of their time in the Holy City.

The American example might be worth following. As well as its consular embassy in Tel Aviv, the US state department operates a large consulate in the western sector of Jerusalem, whose chief-of-mission reports directly to Washington.

Location of the Canadian embassy is hardly vital to our national interest. But Joe Clark's pledge in one of those issues of principle that test a politician's fibre. If he follows the usual kind of Canadian compromise he will offend those who voted for him and disillusion those who might have—and the Canadian embassy will probably end up in Hebron.

## Maclean's

Peter C. Newman

Managing Editor

Book Club

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Book Reviews

Bookshelf

Books

Booksellers

# Sally Field: the girl next door gets tough—and wins

PORTRAIT

By Laure Deans

Sally Field is a lot like Norma Rae, the role that won her the Best Actress Award at this year's Cannes Film Festival. Both women are 32-year-old single mothers of two children, trying to better their working lives. Norma Rae by getting a raise into the factory where she and most of those in her small Southern town are employed; actress Sally Field by holding out for worthwhile roles to come along. After a decade of playing what might charitably be called "woman with problems," Sally Field had never played a commanding, unadorned, death-and-blond woman, until Norma Rae came along. It was a long wait.

Now, there is the danger of a new, improved stereotype: Field as Peaches. The critics have been conditioned to accept Barbarella running into Bella Abzug, but Field is barking that image low.

"Norma Rae wasn't political," insisted Field in an interview at Cannes "and in that she's a lot like me. I'm not a political person at all. I don't go out and stand on platforms and tell people what I think. I don't know what I think."

In Field's view, Norma was fighting for her conceivable environment if you said her work was doing something political, she wouldn't have understood. She was just doing what the hand to do to move.

In Europe, where Norma Rae has just opened, left-leaning critics were far more disposed to congratulate Field for her portrayal of a determined young woman who discovers her social consciousness in the labor struggle, than they were ready to deal with her avowed apolitical perspective.

Director Martin Ritt, whose films (*The Frost-Nixon Tapes* and *The Movie*) are more politically aware than the run of American movies, backs up his star's interpretation. "It wasn't the labor struggle that was the support for Norma Rae," he told reporters at a Cannes press conference. "It was the character of the woman."

Norma Rae was based on the real-life story of textile organizer Crystal Lee



Field and her sons at home in Laurel Canyon, a lot less Gidget, more Norma Rae

want to shoot myself or shoot him."

Luckily, director Ritt is an unqualified Field fan. "I consider Sally Field to be one of the best actresses with whom I have ever worked—perhaps even the best. Her roles were the most successful I've approached in 15 years. She was fantastic."

Field herself is shrewd as well. "I guess that's sort of uncharitable," she says of her political indifference. "I used to nod a lot when people talked about those areas and I believed I was



paid all that, but I'm really not. I'm not a social being at all."

The publicly long trip to Cannes was Field's first trip to Europe. Born and raised in southern California's San Fernando Valley, Field now lives in Laurel Canyon with her sons, aged 6 and 8. "I haven't moved very far," she commented in a first-fit, Southern-flavored voice, the green streaks as "Ike's dad" and admitted that she felt "Ike's dad" because she couldn't speak French. Her modesty edges on self-aggrandizement—attractive, perhaps, in an actress who may well win an Academy Award next year, but it undermines the Sally Field who has consciously taken firm control of her career, after 18 years of TV movies. In 1974, contrast to everyone's surprise, she kissed television goodbye—along with her agent, her business manager, her house and her husband.

"What I was going through manifested itself in all areas of my life. I had to get out of everything that was drowning me." The nadir was typewriting: televisions brought her money and dozens of offers for series, but all for the same kind of character. "I desperately needed to start penetrating the optimism, the reassurance, the stupid, sitcom-like roles I was always offered. So I just dropped out."

Her manager told her she was crazy to try to flee she fled him. The early '70s were, in fact, a doozy as far as decent women's roles in Hollywood So

Field simply stayed out of cameras' range for three years, studying at the Actors' Studio in New York, and waiting for the right part. It came with the role of a lower-class Southern woman who worked at a health spa in Bob Rafelson's 1976 film *She's Having Fun*, best known for introducing neanderthal Arnold Schwarzenegger to movie audiences. "Nobody did a buck big over my performance," she comments now, "but it got up on their heads a little." They said, "This isn't the Sally Field we know so well." That led, in the same year, to *Sophie*, the television film about a transatlantic young woman that was her as *Karen* which was the big change in the way, the audience thought of me. For the first time, typewriting worked for me. I had the element of surprise on my side."

But the studios still didn't know what to do with her. ("They either found me too small, too plain, too young, too sweet . . .") For the next few years, she played opposite Bert Reynolds, her companion of three years, in a couple of drivel-in hits—*Bingo* and *Smoking the Benefit*. "This that wouldn't hurt at my career, but which wouldn't hurt it either."

Now, the only obstacle that remains is the inescapable fact that, at 32, Sally Field is still as perky as Gidget at 19. No *Strategic Support* parts will come her way for some time. Her accent is southern California-esque, her height is barely five-foot. Clever camera angles aside, the image still spells All-American Cutie.

"You'd have a hard time believing I came from *Ruthless*," Field agreed. "You're more like the average American. I'm not yet like *Land Lovers* Oliver or Sir Alec Guinness, where when, walk or eyes you don't recognize when they're aging. With me, there's always an essence remaining that's entirely Sally." Note, however, the authorship implicit in the phrase, *we* not *me*.

"The critics are slowly being beaten, but studios always believe you are what you were in your last film. After *Sophie* and *She* can't do comedy—which was all I'd done up to that point. Now I'm getting a lot of scripts for baby women, woman hinterland-type. A lot of people," she sighs, "don't have much vision . . . Actresses have to learn to do more than is interesting to her, and use it." Actresses and writers she likes to do it. "I think it's the part that helps half of the good women's films in America in the last few years."

But, as usual, a remark both honest and self-critical intrudes: "Women aren't leaders. They do damage and I'm not ready to do that yet. I don't like being a bummer," she admits. "But it's what actresses have to do."

Norma Rae was her bummer. She accepted Ritt's offer even before she read the script. "She said, 'Bob I liked the script,'" She added some of her own touches, when Norma Rae is based at work with the Jewish satan organizer from New York, he warns her not to get beer on his book. "Yech, kuch, kvetch," drawls Norma Rae as she leaves, in her Southern drawl.

The film was shot in 10 weeks on location in Ojellos, Abilene, and although Ritt wants the same bumble is only peripheral to the central story of a woman's personal struggle to survive, Norma Rae has been honored in many Southern U.S. textile towns.

Like Norma Rae, Sally Field apparently has a case of personal integrity that would only tolerate so much nonentity. The new film she would now have to be called *Gidget Gets Co-Grade Grindrada*, and Gets a Small-Business Loan I. "I began to realize," the actress says, "that each different level of reach in your career offers a whole new set of hills to climb and mountains to conquer. I thought that at a certain point of all come your way, that the problems would be how to choose between the brilliant scripts. But it's just not so. You can be brilliant for so long, then you have to make some choices. In the last few years, I've learned that there is no This or It. It's one step at a time, one foot in front of the other."

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## Frontlines

# A world college where borders are unlearned

**T**here were small clumps of kids in the parking lot. Red-eyed and pale from staying up all night, they came together in an embrace and then fell apart in a sparsely chartersigned dance. Then moved about the core of a dying bonfire, the yellow streaked dawn before boarding buses that would take them back home—a diaspora that would scatter them across 30 countries. Even school director Jack Matthews, who had slept all night, stood back in the trees, happily squirming from a tree to another, intercepting a passing bag.

It was what passed for graduation at the Lester B. Pearson College of the Pacific outside Victoria, B.C. For these 200 students, there would be no awkward foot-shuffling or mechanical handshakes from a suburban high-school principal. For the college's international students, graduation meant a good dinner, an all-night vigil, team and a dawn departure. Half would never see each other again. But they would take away what Mike Pearson had intended when he founded the college before his death in December of 1972: a tough and intense two years in the company of some of the best young minds from around the world.

In its fifth year of operation, Pearson College is one of three United World Colleges (the others are in Wales and Singapore). On the basis of letters of application, students are competitively

selected by committees in their native lands and each province and territory in Canada. At Pearson they complete the rigorous equivalent of Canadian Grades 10 and 11 to emerge with an international baccalaureate (a) recognized by most major world universities. Equally balanced between males and females, students spend two years on a verdant 75-acre hillside above a tongue of the Pacific called Pender Bay. Small dormitories of cedar and glass are dogged by the towering trees that surround a library stacked with 600 volumes from Lester Pearson's shelves.

With their 45,000 scholarship costs covered by donations, and physically isolated on the campus, 28 miles west of Victoria, students spend only a minute or two on their multidisciplinary studies. The results are impressive: last year 90 per cent of Pearson grads passed the stiff 10 exams. Even more important, according to the students, is the school's daily dose of tolerance. Egyptian and Israeli students signed a delicate peace treaty at Pearson the day their respective leaders signed theirs. (A Palestinian student observed and protested the agreement—quietly.) "I had never talked to an Israeli before," says Egyptian student Mohammed Bader. "It was like speaking to a girl you wanted to meet."

As well as making the grade academically, Pearson students must partici-

## Frontlines



Exotic: West Coast campus of Pearson College (left) and students (above) from 42 countries who attend by invitation



Exotic: West Coast campus of Pearson College (left) and students (above) from 42 countries who attend by invitation



but must be raised yearly from individual and corporate donors. "With voluntary work, we're not unique," says Pearson. "But the school's record of giving—this year, 1,000 hours of voluntary work—is unique." Pearson's policy of full sponsorship is becoming increasingly difficult. Pearson's chair of the World Commission on Environment, the honourable, internationally acclaimed Sir John Nossal, has been adamantly in opposition to Pearson's dream of no borders—but was also instrumental in establishing it. Pearson's message as an educational experience can't fit any other, however, can be seen in the response of Sanchez Obafemi of Nigeria. When they asked him what was the biggest problem at Pearson, his answer was "farming."

Thomas Hopkins

## Changing times, changing tuna

In the '50s, the Newfoundland government decided to increase some waiting rules by taking them out fishing for a very large tuna, the fish ran up to 1,600 pounds, but a 200-pound "tuna" measure was set. They're called "tuna" because they're big, but they're not tuna. But first, the government had to buy a tuna boat. It was the beginning of a charter boat business that eventually numbered 50 boats, 30 of them centred on Conception Bay. But brought sport fishermen to Newfoundland last year, around the world, to pursue the great bluefin tuna. This year overfished them at the 50 charter boats set to follow to renew their license. The sport-fishing business has taken a drub and the reasons are as far-fetched as a fishing boat in a mangrove swamp.

Iteration shock line—daily charter fees for the boats now run from \$250 to \$300 and even if there's no charter, the charter captain says they can't make a buck. But another problem is that the Japanese buy the Canadian line to eat the game fish. The Whitefish is a common Japanese commercial fishing boat. Take the catch back home.

Lloyd Colbourne, skipper of the charter



Setting a "tuna" measure off the Newfoundland coast: Newfoundland's lost

Steve Lucy Shire says they've caught most of the young tuna. There are at least 100,000 around now. And with fish that size, there are a lot of factors involved: age, depth, temperature. A tuna doesn't live long enough to grow to 700 pounds by being dumb. They're out there, and we

know it, but they won't take the bait. However, men with lower and smaller tackle, the charter fishermen could very well catch enough to be continued by fly fishermen. With 20 boats fishing the 200-square miles of Newfoundland's Conception Bay, especially if they're bound to get stale, but with influx and the Japanese boats throwing in the number of captains willing to go out hunting, these are fewer aggressive matches and the fishermen are going elsewhere.

Gerard Cahill, whose company owns the May C, gave up line fishing four or five years ago. "I wasn't gonna go out and fish every day after day and try to make excuses about why we weren't catching anything. We used to get three or four fish a day, but then I'd go for only maybe a year." The May C is now primarily a pleasure craft.

And so the bare charter business has dried off. To Waterport, Nova Scotia, and North Lake, PEI, the big game are no more plentiful there, but the fishing thrives because it's operated more as sport than business. Waterport's bare-boats—fishing rods passed in the middle, wooden deck chairs placed on the rear deck—have become a hit. In Micmacs on Conception Bay on the southeastern coast of Newfoundland—all rigged out with no place to go.

Robert Plunkin



## Frontlines

# The world's best golf, by Watson

By Ken Becker

**M**arfield Village is a complex of luxuries surrounding the Memorial golf course on 295 acres of woods and rolling hills just northwest of Columbus, Ohio. Jack Nicklaus was born in Columbus. Jack Nicklaus attended Ohio State University in Columbus. The Marfield Village Golf Club was conceived by Jack Nicklaus. The Memorial course was designed by Jack Nicklaus. The Memorial tournament, held the last weekend in May since 1976, is hosted by Jack Nicklaus. The trophy room in the clubhouse contains everything from Jack Nicklaus' touching ring to his Masters' jacket. A wall at the clubhouse is covered with *Sports Illustrated* covers. Every one—and there are dozens—bears the visage of Jack Nicklaus. The pro shop is stacked with golf discs, the label signed by Jack Nicklaus. The pinkie graced with a Golden Bear. It was at Marfield that the past U.S. Masters' Day weekend that Jack Nicklaus gave all of Tom Watson grow up.

The 16th hole at Memorial is just 8,480 yards from the clubhouse, tees to the center of the hole-choked course. For the professionals, a perfect drive will meet the half of the fairway, leaving about 380 to 220 yards to the sloping green and a chance for an eagle three.



Watson bears up a putt while the gallery (play watches, but can he turn them on?)

Morgan had reached the green with his second shot. Jack had been in good position to do so. Morgan with the same drive. Watson, however, was new. Watson, more tentative. The ball began its flight on a few trajectory. Then sommed in on the green. Its after-burners as it slowed toward the green.

"Get up," Watson commanded. The ball clattered higher.

"Up?" he ordered. The ball cleared the hill in front of the green.

"All the way," he demanded. It came to rest two feet from the cup.

The crowd around the green applauded, though from 300 yards away, they could not distinguish the face above the white shirt, blue slacks and

grey sweater. But the gallery, having the "Terry" game, passed the word up to the green, a 280-yard game of telephone with the answer nonetheless clear: "Watson." The applause grew as the young man approached the green. Seeing the bad player in golf make the best shot of the day seemed to please everybody. Everybody that is, except the man in the red and white checked slacks, red and white pattern leather shoes, red shirt, white cardigan and wrap-around sunglasses. "Jesus," the man said. "He makes a luck too easy."

The man and his name was Sol—“We last names, please, for professional reasons.” He said he was from Cleveland where he ran a clothing store. A brief look on the side. He said he bet every week on golf tournaments and he’d watch them whenever he could. “I like to see who I’m betting on,” he said. Right now, like everybody else, I’m betting on Watson. Let me tell you, Watson, I don’t enjoy it. Palmer was a pleasure to get rid of. Nicklaus has class. But this kid... Better on this kid in like ordering firewood in Worcester with mayonnaise.

“See what I mean,” said Sol. Watson had just struck in his eagle putt. He reached into the cup with his left hand and extracted the ball, with his right hand he acknowledged the crowd’s applause with all the warmth of royalty waving from a passing carriage. He mouthed a “thank you,” though no sound emerged. He smiled his guttural smile. “He’s sweepin’ in the

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bank," said Bill, "but who wants to spend a day off in a bank?"

When the round was over, Watson had a can over par 93. When the tournament was over, he had the title and the \$64,000 first prize. Nicklaus knifed Watson the living. The old king said: "There is no doubt about it, that man is playing the best golf in the world right now." The young king accepted the trophy. "From a great player." As before the greatest world of golf, it was a bloodless coup. But it's always difficult to watch a coronation with the old king standing by.

It was inevitable, though. And it tested the manners of those who kicked and screamed when upward Nicklaus deposed the last golf king, Arnold Palmer. It's easy to forget that Arnold's Army once based Nicklaus, mugged on his backswing, perched his brilliant shots but Nicklaus was easily the better. So, when padgy, crew-cut Nicklaus managed, unshaved his whiskers and let his hair grow, spike with dignity and an appreciation of his game and its supporters, he too was embraced. But every time Jack's game slipped a bit, every time a new face went as a withering sprout, there was talk of king-making. Several—Lee Trevino, Johnny Miller, Hubert Green—seemed about to overtake Nicklaus, only to watch him grab his own back and wear it more securely than ever. Until now. Until Watson.

Age is the critical factor here. Tom Watson was born in Kansas City, Missouri, on Sept. 1, 1949. The September, Watson turns 30. Nicklaus turns 31. Watson has turned 40 (coincidentally, this year, also in September). Arnold Palmer turns 40. The numbers seem to indicate that it's as good a time as any for the game to



Showing his style (above), Byron Nelson and the Watson (below) will get better'

go through another transition, though no one figured Watson would spend that transition with such vengeance.

Already this spring, through the Memorial tournament, Watson has won four PGA tour events and \$305,273, with half the season to go. He is less than \$10,000 from the record \$302,429 he won last year. Since turning 30 in 1979, Watson has won more than \$1.5 million in PGA tour events, including the '75 and '77 British Opens. His credentials as a player are exemplary. But is the PGA's world of the

PGA tour, especially with U.S. television ratings down this year, Watson has to do much more than play the game better than anyone else.

"Tom Watson has an obligation to himself and to golf and to the people," says one man who should know, Arnold Palmer. "From the guy coming on right now and that place certain responsibilities on his shoulders. Some of the obligations he assumes just by showing up. But he also has an obligation to turn the people on. I don't think it will be a problem for him. I think he'll learn to enjoy it."

Right now, Tom Watson is playing it all very close to the vest. In an interview before the Memorial he was humble—"There's always going to be someone who dominates the game but who knows if it's going to be Tom Watson", reticent—"Because Jack has cut down on his schedule and isn't playing well people ask me if I'm now the best player in the world. It's a premature comparison", shy—"I know I never have responsibilities to TV and the press, but I'm not fond of public speaking. I know I have to do more and I hope I'll get better."

But the overall impression is that Watson would just as soon everybody went away and left him alone. Playing a golf ball with a golf club is what interests him. Doing it well and with consistency. Playing is itself a recreational "Whether or a result of playing well is what it's all about," he says. Watson has won golf tournaments and gone straight to the practice tee. He remains only the 10th amateur PGA member professional golfer supported by a team trying to break 180. He's then he was wine-tasting in a sport that has cherished Arnold's former charges and Jack's muscle flexers.

This week, Watson will make his first appearance at another Nicklaus-designed golf course, Glen Abbey in Oakville, Ontario, permanent site of the Canadian Open. The sponsors are glad to have him. "From a marketing point of view," says tournament chairman Doug Brooks, "Tom is a great drawing card."

But what if Watson showed up and Nicklaus, or even Palmer, didn't? "Well," said Brooks, "we've had two pretty successful tournaments at Glen Abbey without Tom Watson. He just does not have that magnetism yet ... But I think he's getting it."

Next year, after the scheduled birth of Tom and Linda Watson's first child in September, Tom plans to set his schedule from 35 to 35 tournaments. Right now, there are 25 tournaments chairman hoping that by then Tom Watson will "have it."



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**A place for everything**

Thanks for High-Flyer Goss (Barbara) (May 26). Canada's newspaper. Only one thing wrong—his picture should have been on the cover!

DEON D'ARVAYE, MONTREAL



Vaccelli, there was only one thing wrong

**Above contempt**

I find it eerie that Barbara Asiel sees so little similarity between rape and sexual harassment in her column *Consensual or Coercive? A Simple Distinction* for the *8-B Epitome* (June 1). After all, many of the arguments she

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seen as proof of the magnificence of the problems are virtually identical to those applied to rape only six or seven years ago. At that time, we were led to believe that there was "break rape" happening that rapists were "safe" and that we as feminists, were simply overreacting to a problem that, while serious, was a few systems, was not really a pervasive part of our society. Those of us who have been involved in research on rape know that rape is a common experience for a great many women and that, far from being a perversion of social norms, it is merely an extreme reflection of a misogynistic culture. We are discovering that the same is true of sexual harassment. Just as a conspiracy of silence surrounded rape until very recently, so has sexual harassment on the job been an issue which has remained in the closet. Countless women have reported, to me, their experiences of harassment. Not all of them, it is true, were rape in the legal sense, but for many, the possibility of loss of their employment is as terrifying as that of physical assault. Sexual harassment is a further way of undermining the economic and social autonomy of women. It is an isolating experience, and those who are its victims do not need the comfort of women like Asiel.

DR. ROSE LEWIS  
LEGAL RESEARCHER  
YANKEE-VERMONT STATE OF WOMEN  
VANCOUVER**In Russia with love**

William Caselmann's column *University Test: Gladly Through Lessons in Russia and Gaily Home* (May 25) deserves attention. It is Peter Ustinov's *verständnis* wit, stamp and love for this game of Russian past and present that rests with one's approval—not Caselmann's

Having read N.Y. Times' All in a Derby (June 1), I thought I might refresh you to know that *Business magazine* never folded alongside *New Times* and *Time*. *Business* did experience a change of ownership and its new publication out of Tuscaloosa, Alabama, but one would assume it's still visible on New York's newsstands just as it is here in Toronto.

LINDA AND EOTT WARBRIDGE ONT

**A nickel saved . . .**

Tom Brown's article *A Turn in the Long Road Mart* (May 25) on the strike in Sudbury is Local 4000 of the United Steelworkers of America's continuing relevance to Sudbury as a two-industry resource town, is also as a company that will "renovate" Sudbury and keep them from helping the "revolution" and to a thousand work force that has been reduced to 4,000 jobs in the past 18 years, with significant further reductions yet to come. None of these references is fair, representative or accurate.

Between 1969 and September, 1978, there has been a unionized work force decreased from 15,361 to 11,896 due to a combination of early retirements, emigrations and layoffs. In addition, to suggest that within the next 30 years there will only employ a total of 3,000 people in Sudbury is unfounded speculation and ignores not only the company's commitment to the single most efficient and productive skilled training operation in the world but the long-term future market for nickel and copper products.

A.J. REATHAM  
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### Letters

#### Poetic injustice

Canadians out there: it's a great idea for bringing to your attention what is happening to the "poetry past" director of annual poetry in *ETC: Poetry Of The Page*. *Beefeater* (May 21) here, at last, is a truly democratic art form: its production requires neither intelligence, skill nor inspiration. Even the average graduate of today's high schools is capable of writing "gourmet crits, sermons, and coups," and thus of sending the dizzying heights of Parisianism in search of this newfound nose.

JOHN GUTHRIE,  
507 ATHERTON, GALT

#### The quality of mercy

*Screenwriters for Me*, the film inspired by the Stephen Trask story, a film that I produced and directed, has been inadvertently altered and maligned in *New Shining at Four Stock Street* (May 10). I am upset because, although you now refer to the film as "a bomb," you praised the film in a 1973 review, stating that "Markwell has put together a subtle and enjoyable piece of serious entertainment." At the box office, *Screenwriters* was a huge success, being one of the top grossing English Canadian feature films produced to date. The film was also sold and shown throughout the U.S. and in many European countries. In fact, the Canadian Film Development Corporation, Famous Players and Astral Films all recovered their investments.

MURRAY KAMINSKY,  
7020870

#### Their trough runneth over

I am grateful for Allan Petheringham's research and revelations in *The Disappearance of Pierre Trudeau and the Return of the Pink Bureau* (May 1). I am appalled to learn to what extent the Liberal party and its leader had misused and abused their position of political power. However, I amgh Petheringham to be the large-C Conservative that he is, would be foolish to have to believe that this patronage and predilection is characteristic only of the Liberal party in Canada. Would he not agree that given 11 years, the Progressive Conservative party under the leadership of Joe Clark would end up with exactly the same track record? Perhaps he should reread George Orwell's *Animal Farm* to discover the true fate of all little piggies when they come to power.

BOB MC LAREN,  
7020870

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## **Breaking the letter of the law**

Chancery letters have been around ever since the first idle dreamer applied a slide rule to his gaudy dove chains, recipe shawls, handkerchief shawls and even liquor chain emerald. But something called the Circle of Gold recently surfaced in Canada, and the Peter and Winnipeg police are on the trail of the letters, which jumped from Regina to Winnipeg, and picked up a number of participants in Brandon, Manitoba.

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The chain, which police think originated in California about a year ago, assures participants a possible windfall of \$204,800 in just 10 days, if all the links follow instructions. The chain, which claims to be legal, consists of seven names and asks the recipient to send \$500 to the sender, as well as an additional \$50 to the person whose name heads the list. Then he adds his own name to the bottom of the list, keeps the top name off, and sells two copies for \$50 each—thus recouping his investment right away.

"We've heard of a few people receiving hundreds of dollars," says acting Sergeant Julian Ettinger. "But it's a fraudulent scheme and the last people to get involved will be the ones who lose money."

The RCMP estimates that hundreds of thousands of people are already involved, but the only ones likely to get rich are the organizers in California. If all the participants followed the rules, 200 million letters in circulation by the 11th stage, or 13th day of the chain. "Theoretically, by the 156th stage, everyone in the world would have a letter and a 4-

## The great chain robbery hits town

**H**aleybury is a quiet Northern Ontario community (population 5,000) situated 16 miles from the Ontario-Golden Horseshoe border on the kind of place where one pays usually for local Millet. It is commonly locally inhabited on a chain letter speech that could be the biggest pastoral report to hit the country.

Quite a few arrests were taken, says Constable Larry Fowler at the Haliburton, of the Ontario Provincial Police.

of people would be running around looking for buyers." According to New, the scheme amounts to pyramid selling and is illegal, although he admits that it would be impossible to prosecute all participants. Anyone found guilty of promoting or managing an illegal lottery—which this amounts to—could end up with a fine and two years in jail. Participants are given a \$500 bill and one month in jail. Selling mailbags in itself is not the payoff most chain-letter enthusiasts had in mind.

Thus, of course, there are always the char-busting cheaters—"the ones who type new hats and put their name there instead of 120%, so that they collect faster," says Kitter.

To try to keep people honest, the Better Business Bureau in Winnipeg has circulated a warning pamphlet, but police doubt that it will inhibit the latter's progress. Winnipeg police are interviewing people named on at least two lists, but their investigations won't be concluded for a month or two—by which time Translators may well be being licking stamps and waiting for the mailman to make them rich.

Peter Carlyle-Gordon

"But we'll never know how many breasts, nobody would tell it. I guess some people were pretty enthusiastic." The Hausey-Mirr was a French language massive, called The American Lottery. Participants were asked to make a \$1000 investment to buy a seat in the lottery. The chances were 100 to 1 and they could reclaim their loss by sending the letter in to 100 friends or neighbors. An anonymous phone call to the CPN officially legend names all to the letter which advertised a jackpot of \$15,000 a local hedge and racetrack for that purpose and finally "I just sat all day out," says Constance Fowles. But you can bet there was a few red faces in the treasury.

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Canada

## Who wasn't minding the store

The second week of the new Conservative government could be measured out in telephone messages. By Friday, some 500 of them had been spewed not far from the smoke pot at Jean Pigott's new quarters in the office of the prime minister. Defeated in the May 22 election, the popular Pigott—who has to offer gratis a rocking chair—was herself the most notable of Joe Clark's sound-work creations as his senior adviser on human resources. She will have enormous say on who gets what job as well as which interest groups get to see Clark. With so many future appointments, both in title and turns, being determined by the laughing, grey-haired woman with the bottomless supply of ginger snap, 30-year-old Pigott becomes, by her own declaration, "the keeper of the gate." And though there are some who will believe the kindly Pigott presence means it will now take only a knock on the door to have Joe come out to play, they should know he will be well looked after. "Don't be fooled by the lady with the doughnuts," says one insider. "She's tough."

For the most part, Clark was nowhere to be seen last week. When he wasn't clambered with staff or cabinet over administrative problems, he was being briefed for such things as the June 20-22 Tokyo economic summit. For grateful Tories, it was a remarkably quiet time following the bluster and subsequent about-face concerning Clark's campaign promise to move the Canadian embassy from Israel to Amman. In reakon. That set off a general both to rebrand the Tories and impugn the Liberals, causing into unfriendly roles as Opposition members. Former Finance minister Jean Chrétien even composed a poem for Clark: "For the Big Street Wonder. It's a hell of a blander."

The high point of Clark's work was geographical rather than political. The cabinet gathered, Thursday, for a peaceful meeting in a hilltop mansion at Beach Lake in Quebec while a Jane was blessed down on them—though Finance Minister Paul Macdonald, the two truly hot cabinet members, missed it by being away in Paris for meetings. The work at hand was simply administrative and fairly logistical. "For a short while," said Defence Minister Alain McKinnon, "I had four offices and

Maclean's



Stevens (above) and Pigott, a few practice runs before leaving the runway

as phone number." The actual running of the country took a back seat to staffing, with Tory consulting firms spreading honey traps across the land in the hope of attracting bright new talent which hadn't thought to leave urgent "please call" messages with Jean Pigott.

And yet, oddly, the change from Opposition to government was winning its mate. Treasury Board President Stephen Stevens established an overtime shift across having freeze that had enough loopholes in it to solve Canada's 7.7-per-cent unemployment situation. Sport Minister Steve Paquette was saying Lots Canada funds would indeed help Edmonton, Winnipeg, and Quebec City get their arenas ready for the coming professional hockey season, though Clark had supported during the campaign that would not happen. And Clark himself, in a manner befitting his master's degree in political science, was busy drafting off the time-honored political axiom that the previous government served things up even worse than we thought—and we can't possibly live up-to our promises. Backtracking, however, did not seem to dampen the exuberance of the Clark people. "We've all got the jingles," said Jean Pigott, between rings. "Everybody's still pushing themselves to make sure they're still here."



But if they are pinching, everyone is being careful not to show the Terriers are eager to have the harsh atmosphere of the second week continue into the summer. That all may change this week when new Health and Welfare Minister David Crombie has in decide on what action to take regarding flagrant poaching of an Indians reserve on Ontario's Cornwall Island, but the rest of the party would surely like to avoid the headlines for a while. "We're going to take a few practice runs," said a Clark aide. "Believe we actually leave the runway." Roy MacGregor

## Calgary

### True Grit in the wide blue yonder

Although the deer is as fancy as a gold inlaid saddle, The Ranchman's in Calgary has long been a favorite watering hole for professional cowboys. But the cowpokes gathered there recently have lost the desire to party over more than of their robes because disappeared in a Piper Cherokee May 22. One night, someone frustrated by the waiting and wondering started to pass around a hat. The hat arrived the bar and returned filled to the brim with \$1,000—enough to finance the continuing search for the missing men. That evening, the legend of the ranchmen (which includes you, your cowboy stampede) held on until 2 a.m., a few nights later. Meanwhile, mechanics Ian Tyson, donated their talents and the rodeo honchos offered to sell their best and brightest belongings—suede saddle, a silver-mounted bridle, a diamond ring. Louie Jelles, based in the gold and silver belt buckle that identifies him as 1977 rodeo champion and it sold for \$750. Duane Daines contributed a firefly saddle he had won in competition with one of the missing cowboys and it went for \$3,000. By midnight, the association had raised \$30,000 for the Cowboys Search Fund.

Calgary cowboys were anything but slow in their grief and generosity. During the three weeks after the cowboys vanished on a flight from Salina, Oregon, to San Francisco, almost \$150,000 poured in from rodeo fans and competitors in small towns and cities across Alberta and Saskatchewan. Meanwhile, cowboys from small places such as Gleshees and Chereshees, Strathmore and Brooks, flew and drove to search and rescue headquarters in Midland, Ore., to help comb 60,000 square miles of some of the most rugged country in the United States.



Austin Shirley (left) and Paul Logan, fathers of missing men, combopendium.com

The cowboys, many flying their own planes, searched hundreds of mountainsides, thousands of canyons and Crater Lake National Park,忍受ing an 8,000-foot altitude velocity. The searchers worked in groups, day after day, day after day, in temperatures that fell 35°C on one side and 44°C in the cockpit of planes. One of several psychics who volunteered their services collapsed from heat prostration and had to be taken to hospital. The psychics were hoping to pick up clues that would lead them to the crash site.

The American involved in the search were clearly overwhelmed. "I'm truly amazed at these people," said Major Bertie Bennett, mission co-ordinator for the U.S. Civil Air Patrol. "The plane has been down a long time and most people would have given up by now, but they're determined to stick with it." In a gesture perhaps by the Canadians' determination, the official search was kept going for 14 days—four days more than any previous search. When the U.S. agency finally called it off, some like Major Bennett, stayed on to help. Medieval evergreen pilot Doug Elving booked off work to fly free for the Canadian.

"We're not leaving here till we find something," said Ivan Barnes of Inverail, echoing what the Canadian cow-

boys repeated again and again, while it gained up prime money and points at races where they had to be eliminated in a split second. The leading two pilots, Dennis Chapman, 26, of Saskatoon, two-time Canadian bull-riding champion, Lee Colleens, 30, of Pierceland, Sask., whose brother, Mel, is the Canadian saddle-horse champion, Colton Berney, 16, of Dauphin, Alta., and Gary Logan, 22, of Dauphin, Alta.—are friendly to the other rodeo riders. Explained searcher Daga Lowry of Rocky Mountain Horse: "We're all here because these guys are friends of ours."

Even with the official search ended, up to a dozen planes are still flying daily patrols at an estimated cost of \$4,000 per day. To the awe of those on the ground, the cowboys fly with the same fear they ride horses. Dale (Trapper) Trotter has been slow-rolling his plane through mountain passes to give his passengers a better view of the ground. A former bush pilot, Bill Mayhew, dips low into every canyon, terrifying his observers. Incredibly, they've found four previously undreamed plane wrecks. "I'm over down," said a local tyke, "I would want people like these Canadians looking for me." Suzanne Zwarin

## Regina

### But they know what they like

The Saskatchewan Government Insurance Office, founded in 1945, is proud that in 34 years it has grown to be the second largest domestic insurer in the country. It makes much of the fact that it is owned and operated by the province of Saskatchewan and that it talks about how it has kept money and jobs in the province. But last week, as it celebrated the opening of its handsome new \$17-million, 20-storey office tower, clad in reflecting gold and black panels, some of that hairy provincial jargon came home to haunt the province.

A highlight of the ceremonies was the unveiling of a large leather-carved mural of a five-ton piece of Carnarva marble, depicting a heroic group of men and women at work and titled *Story of Life*. But the group that greeted it reflected wounded sensibilities rather than admiration when it was revealed that the sculptor, as well as his stone, was Italian. It had been commissioned from Emanuele Pasquini of Queenets, Italy, it took four months to complete and cost \$20,000.

"It beats hell out of me why they went to Italy to have the work done," was the reaction of Bill Gammie, a Regina sculptor and the Saskatchewan

Whalen (right) and building-designer Joseph Politick admire sculpture: an image change.



spokesman for Canadian Artists Representation. "If they did any sort of research they could have found a sculptor in Canada."

The work was stoutly defended by Bill Whalen, provincial minister responsible for the insurance company, who declared it "a beautiful piece of art and because it's so beautiful I'm not worried how people will react."

Along with the creation of its new headquarters, government insurance firms are undergoing a change of image, including a new stylized logo (not far from the chartreuse this Saskatchewan Government Insurance) and a general streamlining of the company's form and stationery. That assumption also went out of the province, not to Italy but—perhaps even worse—to far-off Toronado. When that news—add word of the \$65,000 fee—reached the ears of the 27-member Designers and Illustrators Association of Regina, the estuaries were louder than those from the armed spokesman. Bill, graphic designer Einer Beuster: "All this comes at a time when the government is trying to promote Saskatchewan. But when it

A highlight of the ceremonies was the unveiling of a large leather-carved mural of a five-ton piece of Carnarva marble, depicting a heroic group of men and women at work and titled *Story of Life*. But the group that greeted it reflected wounded sensibilities rather than admiration when it was revealed that the sculptor, as well as his stone, was Italian. It had been commissioned from Emanuele Pasquini of Queenets, Italy, it took four months to complete and cost \$20,000.

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comes to harness resources they go out of the province."

Bremer admitted that five local designers had been approached about creating a new symbol for the opening of the building, "but not all of a sudden the rates changed and they needed a corporate logo program and they panicked and went elsewhere." Which—the overoptimism of the assignment—was probably precisely the point.

For Bill Gammie, Provincial was not afraid to defend himself, the man responsible for the corporate face-lift fee. Bill Newton of Newton Frank Arthur Booth Inc., Toronto, developed a new corporate identity for SGI will take at least a year and involves much more than coming up with a new logo. Newton calls his finely-tailored assignment "setting up a logical and workable system of communications" for what is a large corporate organization.

Revolving the face some years ago when Canadian National went for a corporate overhaul, is a New York firm (which then hired the late Canadian designer Allan Fleming to come up with the now-famous CN snake), Newton says. "There are still only half a dozen firms in Canada that possess that expertise—but it just doesn't exist yet in Regina, as it didn't in Toronto then." ◇

## Winnipeg

### The many who would be king

A Winnipeg 365,000 eligible voters this week to choose a replacement for the late mayor Robert Stoen, who died of cancer May 10. They might be forgiven for thinking the ballot was inadvertently replaced by a page from the telephone book. No fewer than 12 official candidates put at their side for the city's highest elected office. There were 14 hopeful initially, but two dropped out, leaving that field to a 10-man scrum. Thus again, in municipal matters, there were the maybe mayors and maybe mayors, such as radio talk host Peter Warren and Linda O'Callaghan, president of the North American Transmissions Society Inc., who probably toyed with the idea of running but thought better of it. The mayday multitude includes five councillors, two former councillors, a chartered accountant who wants more rights for Ukrainians, an unemployed bookkeeper, a defeated federal NDP candidate, a minister and the founder of the Democratic Reform Party with the ultra-democratic name of Joe South.

Closely leading the field in the final days of the campaign were two lawyers.



Norris (left) and Zukos on his campaign tour; the business establishment is jittery

Deputy Mayor Bill Norris, 56, who has been acting mayor since March when the 65-year-old Stein was sidelined, and Joe Zukos, who has held civic office on school boards and city council for the last 28 years. Zukos, 60, mounted a \$20,000 campaign, borrowing heavily from the anti-Establishment approach and literature of Toronto Mayor John Sewell, chartering a campaign bus and distributing 100,000 leaflets. Although running as an independent, demanding more open government and less catering to vested political interests in general, Zukos has been dubbed by Conservative leaders "the prospect of a Communist mayor" in a city trying to attract new investment. Zukos has the business establishment's literary. Opponent Norris, the slight favorite, is a member of sewer-washing Independent Citizens' Economic Committee and missed the top job by only 1,600 votes in 1977, when four candidates ran.

As Alice Krueger noted in a recent *Winnipeg Free Press* column, "The temptation is just to my eye, minute, minute, no... — either we have a lot of civic-minded citizens, or a lot of people with nothing better to do than run for mayor."

The apparent surge of civic-mindedness may have something to do with the fact that candidates didn't need a deposit to run and only need endorsement by 25 potential voters to enter the race. Not to mention the fact that the mayor's job carries a salary of \$37,000.00 plus more than a few free lunches and a shiny chain of office.

The candidates' interest, whatever its cause, hasn't been matched by voters, many of whom can't pronounce the candidates' names let alone remember them. In the 1977 election, only 48 percent bothered to vote and, when the Chamber of Commerce last week intro-

duced its help in paying for her husband's \$30,000 funeral. The late mayor left a modest estate, but an equal amount is unpaid bills, and he had little insurance because of a cancer operation 10 years ago. Ironically, it was Mayor Stein who moved that the city cease paying for nonaffiliates' funerals. However, last month was it learned that if any councilman dies Stein's funeral will be reimbursed, the financial extract might approve Winnipeg's paying the bill.

Peter Carlyle-Gardige

## Can the fatheads save Winnipeg?

Barry had the drapes of Armed Forces participants hauled over Manitoba as wetly led lights headed home that a hyper-alarmed buzzing signalled the beginning of a new battle. Mosquitoes, prime hibernators in summer, are reemerging by the millions, swooping about like bats out of hell on their search-and-strike missions. The wet spring produced ideal breeding sites and Winnipeg has already topped into 20,000-odd insect-control budgets — logging golf courses and back lanes, spraying ditch and ponds. For skipping sowbelly Manitoba, the bloodthirsty vector has replaced the Red River as Public Enemy No. 1. Winnipeg's record against the invading hordes includes new logging initiatives, much of which is stored on ponds to kill the pupae and liquid and granular medicines that kill larvae.

But a new weapon they soon come into is man's own habitat. It seems the dark grey leashed, which grows to a mere two inches, has a huge appetite for mosquito larvae. In laboratory tanks, it attacks

mosquito larvae looking into 100 larvae a day. Last year, Winnipeg's mosquito abatement department stocked a 15-acre wetland pond at Assiniboine Forest with 2,500 of the hump-living fish and, to the delight of research supervisor Joanne Bush, the fatheads survived the harsh winter. Now they are being actively released to determine whether their mosquito appetite in the one choice menu list is matched in the wet where other delicacies are also available.

"Fatheads could be very useful in preventing bodies of water that act as mosquito breeding grounds," says Bush, who admits the ponds have already eradicated a good quantity of blood-brooder during field studies. If the minnows can survive the winter and recruit other larvae such as pollution they might eventually be used in about five per cent of our control programme. The plan is later to stock warmer basins around Winnipeg with the fathead breeding fish. They'd be very valuable in ditches and ponds that can't be chemically treated because of environmental dangers," says Bush. "Obviously, we can't go putting chemicals in water supplies used by cities, but the fatheads might do the same job."

In California, aquaculture officials

## Vancouver

### 'The Courier' also rises

The daily newspaper houses on Vancouver's streets have been empty for nearly eight months now as the Pacific Press strike drags on. But suddenly, two challengers have entered the starting gate to try to win the readership prize. First onto the track is Peter Louch, publisher of *The Heron River* magazine, with his 10-page broadsheet, the *Daily News*, starting this week. Following Louch will be *The Courier*, starting July 6. *The Province* and the *Sun* are in the paddock waiting for two of them to striking odds to let them get into the race. Louch, 42, a West German with extensive newspaper background, says his paper, with a first run of 30,000, will be "interesting without the blab-blah and lots of pictures. We won't thank for our readers, just give them straight facts."

However, Courier publisher Robin Louch, sporting his favorite moustache, thinks his place for the news and the power to speak out is unique. "It is much more selective. The 50-year-old advertising copywriter turned newspaper publisher is out to evaluate the aggressiveness of *The Toronto Star* by converting



"Courier" president Gordon Ryan (left) and Louch: "power to move men's words"

his neighborhood newspaper Courier into full-blown, six-editions-a-week (skipping Saturdays) morning tabloid. Though Louch says it is one breath that he's "taking after the 18-to-40 age group that doesn't read newspapers," in order to succeed he'll be "head-on head" with *The Province*. To which *Province* publisher Paddy Sherman serenely replies

"We rather, we're growing. The same maters, 'We do little else' play no major in our news sheet. It is traditionally situated in the downtown area. It does well and the likelihood is that there will be further long-hauling seasons which could last throughout the summer. Sherman says apathetically, "We expect to be back shortly, before any other paper goes down," but some of his workers still prefer the paper line in the hot weather to the dark caverns of the Pacific Press building. However, their strike paper, the three-month *Alpen*, which has supported them to date, may fold fast as a shortage of newspaper.

The Courier has undergone several renovations in its 99 years, but since Louch acquired it in 1971 and amalgamated it with a bankrupt neighborhood paper, it has developed a polished and sophisticated image beyond being just another name-make-newspaper weekly. Whether it will succeed as a daily is a tricky question, but Louch and his partners are expecting losses for at least a year and believe they can sustain them for longer, if necessary. Unlike the ailing *Edmonton Sun*, which imported most of the editorial and management staff from Toronto, *The Courier's* owners are all locals and know their market. And as far as strike is *The Courier's* future, Louch says, "Our production ship is already anchored and the Newspaper Guild is welcome to come in any time and take a vote." Paddy Sherman may well reflect the thought.

Mark Badges



shallow stock pond areas with the small garter fish — another breed of mosquito killer. Also, the panhandle can track Manitoba waters, where the leashed fatheads. Other leashed fish-eating fatheads have also been found in the Manitoba ponds, including the

butthead, white sucker and yellow perch. They gobble the mosquito larvae but there is a snag: they also tend to eat other fishy-looking morsels and too often wind up in fishermen's nets.

Peter Carlyle-Gardige

## A lesson in non-separation

**D**ivided by language and religion, Quebec's superimposed school systems are a glaring symbol—and partial cause of the sometimes hostile manifestations of its cultural communities. Unlike most Canadian provinces, there exists no non-denominational public school network where youngsters of diverse ethnic and religious backgrounds can learn to live and work together. In Quebec, every school is a separate school—until now.

The first crack in the main-line walls of educational apartheid is being paved by parents in Montreal's ethnically rich parish of Notre-Dame-des-Neiges who have won their right for a French primary school without religious designation. Ironically, their successful petition to have the parish's French Catholic primary school converted to a non-denominational school open to Catholics, Protestants, Jews and all others has inflamed the wounds of division. In his parish bulletin last week, Rev. Marcel Lefebvre pleaded with Catholics to set aside "bitterness"



Quebec: teacher Claude Ryan

caused by the secularization drive and asked them to accept this first truly pluralist school and its "moral challenge living in a pluralistic society."

The local parish's support for reversion of the school's Catholic status contrasts with that of the church hierarchy which is changing directly into secular institutions in a way unseen since church and state took their distance from each other during the 19th Century. Benedictine Montreal Archbishop Paul-Émile Léger, publicly declared: "Catholic parents have the duty to send their children to Catholic schools." The archbishop also presented the loss of a Catholic school during a private audience with Education Minister Jacques-Yves Monet.

Not surprisingly, Liberal Opposition leader and fervent Catholic Claude Ryan brought the issue into the National Assembly, where he supported the archbishop's claim that parents were not adequately informed of the issue before they requested "decolonization" of the Notre-Dame-des-Neiges school.

Significantly, the decolonization move is led by a Catholic theology professor, Guy Dussault of the Université de Montréal, and even with its new regulations states little will change in the daily school life of Notre-Dame-des-Neiges' 250 pupils. Classroom classes will still be available for those who want them, while others will study "moral training" instead, as option already chosen by 30 per cent of the students, who were recruited from compulsory religious instruction this past year by the result of these plans.

At stake is less the nature of religious indoctrination than the survival of the church's remaining secular authority in a society still owing a debt to it with its own diversity. In the words of the province's Catholic school committee, which ignored the availability and sold with parents, the Notre-Dame-des-Neiges incident is "a volcano whose eruption is merely the local expression of a larger underground phenomenon... which should not be suppressed but controlled."

Paule des Rivières

The number of which various dealers can take in the white power, messages has been listed in the Toronto telephone book since 1963. Last week, while the four-day hearing was at a crossroads, the Western Guard's telephone lines were still spouting out such invective as: "Napoleon said words to the effect. Don't wake up Chira, she is a sleeping giant." The Western Guard may, when Ayran man wakes to his racial heritage, be well fit the discredited Babylonian system with a vigor and intensity that will relentlessly cleanse the planet forever of certain evil parasites and the conditions that breed racial perverts.

Defending himself before the tribunal, Taylor skinned passages from books supporting his views and said that "the ultimate business" and other Nazi documents are mere fabrications. Blasting a speech on the issue he shouted: "We've had no end of propaganda about the Holocaust." Paul-Jean Renaud, an expert in communications from the University of Ottawa, remarked that an analysis of the typed messages showed that almost all the names and topics of the Western Guard party messages, particularly when the initials, as well as the main ideological sects of the Nazi propaganda as recorded by Rosenberg, Goebbels and Hitler "are dead.

Marcia Gruber

the Human Rights Act. The section stops it is discriminatory to communicate by telephone, any matter that is likely to expose a person or persons to hatred or contempt." This act is new and this was the first such tribunal of its kind in Canada. If it should decide that the Incorrigible telephone messages are hate messages, the tribunal could order the Western Guard to cease and desist.



Taylor: propaganda ribboned by Hitler

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## The mosesters that roared

**A**s a tourist snapshot, it's irreducible—a fisherman's family raising a caravan of Irish moss on the famous red sand beaches of Prince Edward Island. It's hard to tell, particularly the way most of the crew has to be gathered, towing trails along the sea bottom from shallow banks to high tide very quickly, loads of seaweed which provides primary income to some 3,000 fishers there and in the other Maritime provinces. It adds up to serious business, not only for them but also for the manufacturers of everything from ice cream to puddings, macaroni, soups and drugs, who use the whisker powder extracted from the dried seaweed as a gelling agent and stabilizer called Carrageenan. So the effect was just the opposite, sending quavers through several industries, when "mossies" in P.E.I. last week began to boycott buyers of the docks just as the harvest season for Irish moss began.

The fisherman's demands are simple: they want a cent more per pound of wet moss from the buyers. In 1977, the price was 48 cents per pound which was apped last year, after a one-week boycott by P.E.I. mosesters, to 67 cents a pound. But so far this year the processing companies are refusing another increase.

East Coast fishers last year harvested and sold 30,000 tons of Irish moss, a \$4-million crop. The four companies that buy the seaweed are all multinational corporations—P.E.I. Seaweed Ltd., a subsidiary of Lites Industries of Denmark, Geva Proteins, which is a subsidiary of a US multinational called Hercules, Marine Colloids Ltd., owned by a US-based firm Corp., and Shaffer Chemicals, another US firm.

The fisherman's strike or boycott might seem oddly selective, even half-hearted, by labor union standards elsewhere. The Island mosesters are returning to sell to one or two, P.E.I. Seaweed and Shaffer, and to the other three—and more than 80 per cent is usually exported. Some, not all of the Island mosesters support the P.E.I. Fishermen's Association, which organized the action. The association is boasting on the damping effect to having the other firms take in of P.E.I. Seaweed wants to buy all the seaweed it needs. It will have to up the price to seven cents a pound, and if the others then want to keep P.E.I. Seaweed from getting it all they will have to follow suit. The boycott is as far being applied only in the one province, but P.E.I. pro-

duces half the crop and tends to set prices for the Maritimes.

Don Landry, managing director of the fisherman's association, sees the boycott's real goal not as much as price raising as consciousness raising—to give more fishers working together in greater control of the industry. His concern is that the job and money generated in processing the Irish moss goes to the corporations go off the island, either to plants in the US or Denmark. Thus the fisherman collect six cents a pound for wet moss while the finished product (it takes 15 pounds of the wet moss to produce one pound of

carrageenan) brings \$5. Landry wants to see a processing plant started on the island, perhaps by the fisherman's co-op.

Not too preposterous for such a venture as the fact that, despite its size, the Irish moss harvest has been decreasing in recent years, even in P.E.I. And in Nova Scotia, the fisherman's association voted to ask Fisheries Canada to close down harvesting for two weeks to allow the seaweed to renew itself. Synthetics may yet have to take the place of one of nature's most useful additive for food and other medical products.

Susan Sorensen

Stimula, The secret of a successful ladies' man.

"How to had a way with the ladies be  
he knew how to treat them really. Today  
we can show this love with Stimula, a  
condom with a stimulating cream. Every  
loved lady likes to be  
loved really.  
Stimula—the most  
soft, elastic, easily  
used condom.  
SEARCH

Makers of Stimula,  
Primal and Creme" condoms.  
Available in regular and  
super-size packages.

## Let your fingers do the hating

**T**he neo-Nazi Western Guard has worked away for years at separating hatred in Toronto. Their targets are Jews, blacks, Marxists and anyone to the left of Adolf Hitler. Their weapons have been handbills, wall signs and incendiary telephone messages—although on occasion they have gone further. Only last year their leader, David Andrews, and a follower, Dwayd Zarychansky, were paid for possession of explosives, comprising to set fire to a house owned by a Marxist printing institution or buildings and smashing windows—but for the most part, especially at their attempts to spread hand messages they have been persecuted by laws intended to defend racial speech.

Last week, however, in a censored legal opinion, Toronto's top court—the current leader of the Western Guard, John Ross Taylor, a tall and middle-aged man, apparently blind in his left eye, was allowed by the Ontario Court of Appeal. It was argued by the Toronto Zionist Council and the Canadian Holocaust Remembrance Association, among others, that the Western Guard had violated Section 13 of

the Human Rights Act. The section stops it is discriminatory to communicate by telephone, any matter that is likely to expose a person or persons to hatred or contempt." This act is new and this was the first such tribunal of its kind in Canada. If it should decide that the Incorrigible telephone messages are hate messages, the tribunal could order the Western Guard to cease and desist.

Marcia Gruber

# Love, pain and the whole trade thing

**A**s love affairs go, this one barely reached the "I do" holding stage. Instead, the two Clark governments, each trying with the idea of tariffed romance earlier this month, have already had a falling out. Last week, with his telephone on a constant state of white heat, Robert de Coerat, minister of economic development and trade, became the focus for a nervous business parade to Parliament Hill. At issue was Prime Minister Joe Clark's campaign promise to move the Canadian embassy in Israel from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem, a policy vociferously opposed by 22 Arab and Muslim nations. As word spread throughout the week that present and future contracts with the Middle East were in jeopardy, about 30 business organizations and companies demanded time with de Coerat as Prime Minister Clark agreed to consider a fact-finding mission to the Middle East. The business lobby (it was kept mostly anonymous as de Coerat tried to end the controversy) A spokesman said the problem was not his main concern, but it was "certainly high as the priority list."

Clark's campaign promise to move the embassy had been greeted with joy by Israel because it meant recognition of Jerusalem as the capital of Israel. Arab nations, however, saw the move as Ottawa's acceptance of Israel's unilateral annexation of the Golan heights at the start of the 1967 Six-Day War.

In Paris, the controversy caused Canadian Ltd. to hold its breath as it awaited the results of the Challenger (see page 22) said Vice-Premier for Corporate Planning Harvey Waller. "If the embassy were moved to Jerusalem, there would be an effect—but I wouldn't want to venture how much it would be." In Canada, several specific countries were named as potential targets for Arab retribution. They include Bell Canada's \$1.1-billion contract with its second-tier, to weapons and materials the telephone system of Saudi Arabia, as well as a contract under construction between Canadian Westinghouse Ltd. of Mississauga, and Libya. While no official trouble has been heard by either company, each is worried. Bell Director of Information David Orr: "If they construed they were being threatened [by the move], they would take



De Coerat (top) and CRA's Burns with a Westinghouse executive, the leading power



and Arab nations in north Africa and the Middle East—were about \$1.3 billion last year (total value of goods exported was \$50 billion), according to Tom Burns, president of the Canadian Export Association. He also estimates that up to 80,000 man-years of work in Canada are at risk. "Canada," he says,

offsetting action. It's a very large contract; if they want to make an impact, it could be one of the areas." Westinghouse learned about possible problems when a minister talked to President Frank D. Gatzke of what you say is true," Tyrell told him. "It sounds as if the deal is off." By week's end, Westinghouse would still not be clear about the status of the negotiations which have been under way for 18 months. The \$65-million contract is for three gas-turbine generators and other electrical equipment for the Suez irrigation project, where 300 wells will be using water up from 600 feet below the Libyan desert, for barley, hay, millet and wheat crops. The negotiations follow a similar \$45-million contract Westinghouse signed in 1973.

Canadian exports of goods and services to Arab countries—including Iran

"has carefully and usefully built a reputation over the years for being overhanded. That reputation will get a bit tarnished if the government decides to move the embassy." It is a move that now appears as if it will come under much closer study than Clark may have had in mind when he said at his June 5 news conference: "These questions are now beyond discussion as to their appropriateness." A fact-finding and goodwill mission, perhaps under the department of external affairs, is the result of an Arab League request last week. In the words of Abdallah Abdallah of the Arab Information Centre in Ottawa, such a trip could "improve or even help repair the damage which has already been done." De Coerat, wearing a casual sweater and shirt for the cabinet meeting Thursday at Mount Lake in the Gatineau, is quick to point out, however, that Canadian trade with Arab nations has, as far, not suffered. "We don't want to see them turn off," said a trade department spokesman. "We would hope there would be some sort of political compromise." As with any early warning, the naming game has turned, for a time, into a waiting game. □

## Giving them back some of their own

**A** tax-giving scheme, it was a new name. But the study made for McGraw-Hill's Bill Beckett pre-election promise to return the prime minister's tax cut to its people came a month too late. So did David Hellwell, chief executive officer of British Columbia's Resource Investment Corp. (RCIC). "You could describe me as one of the dullest people in the world," he said. But dullness, after all, is often in the eye of the beholder. An acquaintance describes him in other terms: "He's refreshingly arrogant, with a right to be. He is held in high regard by many people, but he holds himself in even higher regard." Last week, the study's up-to-date deadline passed for the first time. RCIC shares available for the taking to every B.C. resident who is a Canadian citizen, Hellwell had arranged 8.7 million free shares for more than 75 per cent of the province's 5.5 million eligible residents and sold an additional 15 million shares to B.C. residents at 80 cents.

At 43, the 1956 Olympic rowing silver medallist cannot predict future share value in this privatization of provincial resources, but RCIC is a wacky collection of B.C. companies worth about \$175 million. Assets include 81 per cent of pulp and paper producer Canadas Celulose Co. Ltd., 100 per cent of lumber producers Kootenay Forest Products

## Doing soft time



Michaelmas and lawyer David Humphrey, each prison term was equivalent to life

life were each fined \$1 million and Richelieu Drilling Corp. was fined \$600,000.

Crown Prosecutor Rodenick McLeod, arguing the federal government and the government of Quebec had been defrauded of \$2 million and cost for prison terms of nine to 12 years for Michaelmas, Cooper and Hellwell, with corporate fines up to \$450 million. Mr. Justice Parker disagreed, however, saying that such prison terms for犯人 of the age of the accused were equivalent to life. As a result, a man in a suit of age Michaelmas was given a more severe fine if it would be in a longer prison and a take that into consideration. In essence, the fine was the cost to the federal government when built were fined for companies as there would be extra money for plaintiffs to other companies which are not yet paid.

The fine-leaving occurred from the mid-1960s to the early 1970s and was enveloped through Royal Canadian Mounted Police investigations into bribes paid to Houston Harbor Commissioners Kenneth Elliot. In pronouncing sentence, Mr. Justice Parker called the crime "a serious ones that had to be dealt with seriously." He added: "The fine was long and costly, but that is part of the penalty. It must be remembered that the public was defrauded and put to great expense putting you on trial. But by the end of the trial you the fine was less on trial ranging as high as \$200,000 with the hearing on the appeals not expected to proceed for up to a year. It appears that the expense on all sides, continues.

By PRESTON L. TAYLOR  
with AP Wirephoto

Lod and Plateau Mills Ltd., 19 per cent of natural gas pipe-line company, West-coast Transmission Co. Ltd., as well as a license to explore for gas and oil on 2.8 million acres of Crown land in northern B.C. That license, admits Hellwell, will be the one that gives the great big come-up.

If a grab bag originally assembled for different purposes by former NDP premier Dave Barrett, this proclaims the generosity with which they are going to give the people what they deserve. "Not so," says Hellwell, maintaining there is a difference between "an indirect and unprofitable collective title and a direct and accountable form of ownership." It is an negotiable, claims Fraser Bennett, that the world will now heat down B.C. does trying to purchase shares. "They're going to try to stick talk you into selling," says Bennett. "I advise everyone, to buy what they can and don't sell." Government ownership in 1984 has been reduced from 100 per cent to approximately 30 per cent, meaning that Bennett has put flesh on the bones but bare-bones statement he made when Canadian Pacific Investments Ltd. was chasing B.C.-based MacMillan Bloedel Ltd. "Hellish Columbia is not for sale."

## The sweet smell of high-flying success

**A**t the last Plant Art Show in 1977, there's only a modest mock-up on a folding track it didn't even rate a mention in the catalogue of an art hall gallery every two years of Le Bouquet field. Last week, as it were through her light display with four other Canadian entries in the 1979 show 129 of the Chryslers had been sold by Canadian Ltd. Since the coat of a Soviet Tupolev supersonic jetliner in 1973, the show has been equaled by passenger planes, and the red-and-white Chryslers did manage a little recognition, a small plaque on the wall of a room in a hall put to demands to meet an Art 500, suburban ingenuity. Again from the Mirage 4000 bottled Canadian epidemiologist John Robb, in the place of the show.

The art is in the gathering ground where the world art industry meets and merges. This year, 26 Canadian enterprises exhibited in a combined \$1-million sales effort (\$400,000 paid by the federal government) looking to increase the Canadian aerospace industry's \$1 billion 1978 sales (three-quarters by export). While prospects for sales to Arab countries were languishing with concern (see page 26), TAC (Montreal), a Quebec-based company owned by Saudi Arabian interests has ordered 30 Challengers for resale. Montreal's 140 spokesman Adel Oubai. "It's going to



Challenger on route to Paris; revealed next to a massive stand on the tarmac

be a good year." Another participant in the show, the Heinkel Aircraft of Canada Ltd., completed a contract in Paris for three 747-200 passenger, short-haul all-cargo aircraft. The buyer will take the aircraft at South Yemen, which paid an estimated \$15 million.

The Challenger meted itself to a soaring air stand on the tarmac between a US \$1.5 million and a de Havilland Transporter. The first time from Montreal to Paris, the first time an executive jet in its class had left that distance without having to refuel. In the Canadian pavilion, a Challenger interior was displayed that sleep six and boasts a microwave oven,

David Hellwell of ECBC: "They're going to try to stick talk you into selling"

is being closely watched by the new government in Ottawa. During the recent federal election campaign, Hellwell was passed about 100 times an hour over land by Joe Clark, who had an eye on his own private interests. Petro-Canada, the federal government's energy arm, inheritors of much of the fiscal philosophy of the past, have fine-tuned that misunderstood concept. That, coupled with B.C.'s Hellwell, former president of West Brothers Canada Ltd., has made a success of this new service of an old name. "Where else," asks Stephen Rogers, the legislature's deputy speaker, "could you find a man of his abilities prepared to take the crap of being president of a publicly owned company?" Hellwell, for whom happiness is a lengthy discussion on the over-expansion of the money supply, thinks it's far more simple. "It is," he says, "the most fulfilling thing I've ever done." With the \$900 million generated by the issue rocketing to the point, the excitement has only just begun. **Bill Leiris**

her, started telephone car conversations with this pilot and 73 inches of headroom. At \$5 million each plus dealer margins the wide body business jet can seat 50, although the usual configuration is 32 to 15. Canadian, purchased by the Israeli government in 1975 for \$35 million, has been employing 1,400 men in 1975 to 5,500 today and is preparing for first deliveries in December after certification tests are completed in California's Mojave Desert. Two years from drawing board to flight, the Challenger is outbidding both the U.S.-built Grumman Gulfstream II and French government-backed Falcon 40. "We're on the competition," says Robb. "And we're committed to give them a run for the money."

**David Janusz/William Dewell**

## Sports Column

### When the threadbare attended the barons it was the Rape of Four Cities

By Trent Frayne

Once when the world was younger, Harold Ballard, the kindly proprietor of Maple Leaf Gardens, allowed the Toronto Toros, of the recently defunct World Hockey Association, to play their home games at his iconic ice palace. Allowed in the operative word here, kindly Harold took everything from wide-eyed Toros owner Johnny P. Bautista except the bone chips in his woolly knee. This included the feel conference, a piece of the television revenue, and a surprising amount of rent.

On the night in 1974 when the Toros made their debut, Harold's big blue eyes gleamed at the Toronto fans, whom the sports nut for the opening game of Harold's big blue eyes was, observing the sparse parking behind his behemoth on a long, rectangular, inch-thick cushion covering the wooden bench where Harold's Maple Leafs sat for their home games. When Harold saw the Toros there, he immediately dispatched a handwritten order to switch the elongated pillows down under Toros' preference. "Let 'em put their feet down on their own cushion," Harold growled later. The indignant NHL puts ottomans at the corners of Harold's big blue eyes.

The incident also illustrates the attitude of National Hockey League owners last week in Montreal in welcoming the Edmonton Oilers, the Winnipeg Jets, the Quebec Nordiques and the Hartford Whalers to the NHL. You might call it the Rape of Four Cities. The new owners paid millions to get in, and their charming new pictures rewarded them with all the status they could carry off in a gaff. First they swapped their lineage of mean persons deemed earn and potentially serviceable on existing NHL rosters, and then they permitted them to draft old crooks and young jocks that NHL teams deemed to be disposable.

"Let us not kid ourselves," bemoaned Howard Baldwin, the Wal's last president and 13-per-cent shareholder of the threadbare. "Of the 16 players the Whalers drafted, seven were picked be-

cause they stand a chance of helping our club. The rest are basically trash, census folder. We drafted players with low salaries as not to burden ourselves any further."

Chances are, since few players of stature were exposed by the season, that the four newcomers will require years to build continuing teams, and the question, of course, the greatest losers will be the fan who will have to pay to watch these teams groping for respectability (or stay home—a choice well worth considering). This applies



not only to the fans in the rapid cities, but those in the 17 established outposts who now get eight visits from the fear expansionists at the expense of right from Boston, Montreal and the two New York outposts. And still, coming in, not to forget, are such drags as the St. Louis Blues, the Colorado Rockies and similar dunces.

Men's intransigence to new surfaces whenever old owners get an opportunity to left-new owners. Baldwin did it when the Toronto Blue Jays and the Seattle Mariners were tagged, losing some \$7 million each for the joy of joining the American League. The newcomers were seduced with players whose future was behind them, as was over-the-hill mark the down at owners were delighted to get ready money for that expansion draft back in November, 1979, established teams promoted 15 of their top players and then they were allowed to protect three more each time one unprotected player was drafted.

That meant that the Blue Jays and



Mariners chucked out of the salons (not very far) by being allowed to claim the 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd and 23rd guys as the established teams' return, but of them so ill-equipped that they were in the salons.

What this policy subsequently has done is drive the fans in the down-established cities away from the ballpark when Toronto or Seattle fans from the dugout. Who in hell can blame 'em? Why would the customers in California want to waste their Argentinians play the Mariners? Are the fans in the down-established Park presented a dumb enough to pay a dose of an overpriced meal while the Red Sox pummel the Blue Jays until 2000? Not in any numbers they're not.

In hockey, expansion was once the wretched word on an NHL owner's tongue. Now that a new-comer joined the group, \$1 million in 1967 and \$6 million thereafter was split up by the members. Talk about a golden goose, there was simply no end to this bird's charms. The owners welcomed six new clubs in 1977, two more in 1978, another pair in 1979 and yet another two in 1980—in total of \$48 million in initiation fees but it didn't work. The NHL was an 18-million league for four seasons and in that span the attendance dropped by nearly a million people—from 9,557,388 in '76 to 8,538,564 in '78—and two towns, Oakland and Cleveland, bailed out.

In those other years the owners tested a tiny fibber to the new partners, permitting them to draft nine players before they did. Then, Baldwin could boast his franchises on the daunting Gilbert Perreault in 1979, plucking him from Montreal's Junior Canadiens, and the New York Islanders could boast as equals by snatching the best prospect in Canada in 1973, Dennis Potvin of the Ottawa 67s.

But, also, the owners have learned their lesson. Next August, when the NHL drafts the top junior graduates of 1980, guys who join 18th, 19th, 20th and 21st.

Aw, you peeked.

**S**ince the spring of *Nick Nolte's* first movie, *Midterms*, co-starring Kathryn Harrold, the 30-year-old Canadian star is clearly rising—but even his fans of newsmen, agents and lawyers has not managed to reassure him. "The last few months of my life have been the hardest," says Nolte, who plays a Native sheriff in the last-ditch thriller "After six months in Los Angeles, I lost my mind—and I was there for nothing. Already compared to such dark-eyed superstars as Robert De Niro and Al Pacino, Nolte hasn't been away from the limelight since the night he returned to town in *He's in Quebec City*, wearing an ill-fitting tuxedo, Death Strip, in which he plays an easygoing playboy, with Koko Vandell. "It's a break from the routine of Los Angeles," says Nolte. "Being here is a breath of fresh air."

**W**ith ABC-TV's *Barbara Walters* interviewing Canada's prime minister only four days after he assumed office, Joe Clark visited to the ranks of global celebrities such as *Amour Sado*, *Barbra Streisand* and *George Burns*—all of whom have been questioned by the 61-million-person lithping lad. Walters was granted the first personal interview with the 36 since he took office. Why was an American journalist given the honour? "As one of our pasts said about why he was asked to climb a mountain, because the mountain was there," Clark told her. "You're here."

**Glen and Walters: "Because you're here"**



**Despite Walters' prying, the one-hour discussion revealed little about Clark's personality—the "professonal politician," as he called himself, turned aside such questions as, "You've been described again and again as an obstinate, awkward. They say you bump your head when you walk. How would you describe yourself?" Clark preferred to describe his victory**

**E**ver since his bronze medal performance at the 1976 Olympics, *Toronto* Christensen has been called the "Barbary lion of the blades." His high-vibe-

biling was raised another notch in Paris last spring, where 30,000 posters he had designed hand the Mittos promoting him in a Holiday on Ice show. "I were 10 days until I dropped," says Christensen, now 30, who performed an unboasting 15 shows a week for 2½ months. Equally frantic off the ice, he spent some of his spare time collaborating with experimental film-maker *Pauline Kael* Nolte on a film which also featured Radclyffe Hall and 20-year-old pianist *Armen Babikian*, one of the skater's idols. He also managed to complete 58 sketches of figure-skating skaters, which sold out this month at the Toronto gallery of his skating coach and creative mentor, *Steve Barnes*. "I can't stand to be in a position where I'm not creating," says Christensen, who is taking a few weeks off to sort up before heading to Japan to skate for 20 weeks. "While I have a bit of time, I'll be working on my movie script. It's sort of *The Turning Point* on ice, about the backstabbing-chaos-and-struggles of international figure-skating competition." Peeling his age, Christensen wants to finish the script now, as that, he may play the starring role.

**S**urely French actress Mireille Mathieu, who is something about self-exploration after touring her tawdry man and facturing her teeth through more than 200 TV commercials, is 15 minutes of *Charlie's Angels*—not to mention becoming the icon of an age with her red-crayon poster. "But when the 32-year-old actress' opinion let it be known around Hollywood that she wanted to 'act the role straight' on a screenplay about her

**marriage to *The Sex Million Dollar Man* (Lee Majors) for a fraction of the cost of building a bonnie home, nobody but You're only as good as your last picture, ran the adage, and in *Furnish's* eyes her grating of *Everybody Killed Her Husband* could not save it from self-destruction. Though Furnish harbors and dolls have had to make way for the likes of *George Lazenby*, *Miramax*-Majors nevertheless plans to re-elevate her image by starring with *Roger Moore* in *Strictly Sweeney*—a subject about which she still has a lot to learn.**

**A**lthough it has been 42 years since *Alma* Turner was "discovered" in

**Wiseacre's** *heat energy on Tonga's Island*



**S**chulz's dragonette, searing astuteness will be happy to hear that overnight success is still possible. When French Canadian film-maker *Pauline Boudreuil* came across a picture of model *Edie* (Doris Watson) in the March 26 issue of *Modern's*, he says, he was struck by her "sheer energy and natural look." He then tracked her to a Toronto coffee shop and, as help from God, said "Just give me 15 minutes and I'll change your life." Watson found herself in Los Angeles the following day, being screen-tested for *Tonga's Island*. Winning the lead part with no acting experience, the 20-year-old former *Denise Matthews* of *Niagara Falls*, Ontario, will be off to Puerto Rico this week to begin filming the beauty-and-the-beast story. While in Hollywood, she bagged an invitation to the Academy Awards presentations—and was promptly offered the lead in *Peter Sellers*' upcoming picture *Judas and the Moresses*. However, she has just cut a disc record and will be featured in a winter edition of *Playboy*. How does all that feel? "It's a long way from Niagara Falls."



**Bradley hawking his pitch for the stage**

**K**ey shown off his carry skills by running a sharp kick over his wrists and throat while he speaks—a trick he learned from an uncle 20 years ago. "He didn't leave me a memento or boat," says Bradley, "but he taught me a professional pitch."

**S**oon, apart from a somewhat soiled *White House*, the only building around to exceed Americans of *Richard Nixon* will be the Watergate Hotel. Last year, any possibility of preserving the former president's estate, in the tradition of other American leaders' homes, ended when the *Washington* residence was bulldozed under Nixon and his son *Edmund*'s property. Last May, *Edmund* Driscoll, new owner of Nixon's Florida digs, decided the rather modest bungalow should be replaced with a \$1.2-million mansion. While Nixon's neighbor *Bruce* *Richards* may not be entirely happy with all the clutter and noise, other Key residents are looking forward to the change. "People are happy that they're getting a better property," remarked the downsize *Richards* as 15 trucks carted the building's remains to the local dump. In fact, the only notable beneficiary of Nixon's company will be some bookshelves saved for the new house's study. And while Nixon has at least profited by the loss of his two houses, *Jimmy*'s brother has been ordered either to keep up with his payments or risk losing his \$55,000 house in Georgia.

**Edited by George Bernick**



# A metaphor for his time

**H**is name was JB Books. "He was the voice-over of 'The Shootist.' His name was also The Big Kid, The Gavels, Captain Ed, John Edwards and John T. Chance, Heads Lute and Jake McCandless, Tom Durson and Tom Dauphin, Captain Bill, Captain Britties and Sergeant Shryver. Also The Last American Hero. And when he died last week of cancer at 72, John Wayne took his ears with him. For 40 years he had stood as a metaphor for his time and place: big, virile, swaggering, incomparably articulate, a dangerous mix of the heart of a child. He was the last outpost of that primitive optimism that began with the revolution of 1776 and took to its deathbed in the late '60s. Wayne had outlived his beloved country, the America that settled themes with a punch in the mouth and a shot from the hip, the America he had done so much to create and the only America he understood. And he died the way he saw that America die, betrayed from within.

"You have a cancer—admitted," Doc Hesteler (James Stewart) informs John Bernard Books (Wayne) in his last role, as The Shootist, in 1976.

"Can't you eat it out, doc?"

"I'd have to get you like a fish."

"What you trying' to tell me is...," Stewart nods.

"You told me I was strong as an ox... Even as an ox die."

They parted like John Wayne like a fish in January, 1979, bailed out his cancerous stomach, attached his intestine to his

esophagus, and sewed him back up. The upstage hospital administrator announced that he was in remarkably good shape and was working to do things. But even so die.

There are not many people left who can recall a world without John Wayne. Marion Michael Morrison was an unknown when director Raoul Walsh took a chance on casting him as the lead in *The Big Trail* in 1930. Thereafter, he towered as a legend. R. C. and D. sum-

marized for years a decade. Then came *Stagecoach* and the star that would never go out.

Maybe he made 150-odd movies, or maybe it was 200-odd. Maybe they grossed over \$750 million, or maybe it was only \$400 million. No matter. Even with the lowest figure, Wayne was easily the biggest box-office attraction of all time. From 1950 the year he had five movie moneys (*Three Godfathers*, *The Fighting Kentuckian*, *She Wore a Yellow Ribbon*, *Walt of the Wall Witch* and *Redeem* of *Two Jakes*, with 1966, Wayne dropped out of the top-10 box office three times.

And while it was generally fashion-

*Faces of the Duke in death (left) and*  
*"The Dark Command" (1940), "Trot Griff"*  
*(1960) and the death scene in "The*  
*Shootist" (1976) a week and a day ago.*



able to conclude that Wayne couldn't act, even after he won his Oscar for *True Grit* in 1969, there has been evidence to the contrary, dating as far back as *The Long Voyage Home* in 1940 through *Red River*, *The Searchers* and *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance* right up to *The Shootist*. Even French director Jean-Luc Godard would ask rhetorically how he could "hate John Wayne splashing Goldwater, and love him tenderly when already he takes Natalie Wood into his arms in the next-to-last reel of *The Searchers*."

Wayne did worse than support Goldwater. He went to the 1962 Republican convention to vote for Joseph McCarthy. He led, in so small way, the Hollywood right-wingers of the late '60s and early '70s. He was the right-wing crony's right-wing crony. But when Larry Parks (*The Jolson Story*) requested his Communist affiliation, it was Duke Wayne who stood up for him. Duke Wayne alone.

That was his code, the Code of the West, crude and increasingly less realistic the day—and that of just about every character he ever played. "I won't be wronged, I won't be insulted and I won't have a hand laid on me," says John Bernard Books, aka John Wayne. "I don't do these things to other people and I require the same of them." And the real John Wayne didn't die last week. He died with *The Shootist*, *J.B. Books* and his code, on the floor of a saloon in Carson City, Nevada, on Jan. 12, 1979. He left three dead men who probably thought they could take a sick, tired, 70-year-old legend in a goof fight, but in reality figured on the bartender shooting him in the heart. He died with a smile on his face and a grin in his hand. Just the way it should have been.

John Gault

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Carter and Brezhnev in a post-memo sign  
handshake, Sept. 18 in the '70s

the spectrum goes, manages his duties in such a way as to control key decisions.

Until recently he was regarded as only one of several possible successors to Brezhnev, for whom the signing of the SALT II agreement is likely to be a final appearance on the international stage. Other names mentioned for the succession were those of Andrei Gromyko, 72, the politburo's industry specialist, and Moscow's Communist party chief Nikolai Grishin. But Chernenko's presence in Vienna was being interpreted as a sign that his ailing patron, Brezhnev, wished him to have a chance to see and be seen at the summit—the highest level of diplomacy.

Meanwhile the Austrian hosts were quick to note that, at 54, Carter looked as if he were nearing scarcely better than the 70-year-old Brezhnev. And after the Soviet leader had laid a wreath at the Soviet monument, he was thought to be a shade ahead on points—despite Carter's 45-minute jog around the U.S. embassy—given their ages.

Where they were in the negotiations, however, was less clear. While SALT II seemed in the bag, there appeared to be no meeting of minds on the Soviet leader's publicly aired suggestion that he would withdraw 60,000 troops from Eastern Europe if the Americans would pull out 12,000 of theirs from the West. This was something that had already been suggested privately during the 65-year-old Shultz (initials and last name) Carter's recent visit to the Soviet leadership.

But while the cameras of the world's TV networks were tracking Presidents Jimmy Carter and Leopold Bruckhofer from one instant snapshot to another in air Vienna during the weekend, the costly upgrading operation of the diplomats and the wary game of Western intelligence experts were following Konstantin Chernenko, the man who many think could soon steal out of Brezhnev's shadow, where he has spent the past 20 or so years, into the limelight as his successor.

As much as the SALT II (strategic arms limitation talks) agreement which the two presidents had come to sign, as much as the topic of troop reductions in the European theatre, it was the presence of Chernenko—fully white hair as prominent as the well-worn countenance of veteran Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko at all the important occasions—which ensured the Vienna group's interest.

A longtime buddy of the Soviet leader, he worked with Brezhnev in the early '70s on the tricky job of overthrowing

a border republican annexed from Romania during World War II. Chernenko's recent visit to the Soviet leadership, however, did not go on. Whether to have his critics satisfied. But while the cameras of the world's TV networks were tracking Presidents Jimmy Carter and Leopold Bruckhofer from one instant snapshot to another in air Vienna during the weekend, the costly upgrading operation of the diplomats and the wary game of Western intelligence experts were following Konstantin Chernenko, the man who many think could soon steal out of Brezhnev's shadow, where he has spent the past 20 or so years, into the limelight as his successor.

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Chernenko: third man at the summit

## World

# Brezhnev's buddy visits Vienna

Sam Mesterman/William Lowther

## 'A big one for mankind'

Concorde might not have undertaken space satellites or magnetic aircraft like Concorde, but the pioneer supersonic would have appreciated the achievement. Last week, a 60-year-old Concorde, Britain's first, made her final flight, Pedalling at 750 p.m. at 100 knots, powered only by its Gaseous Aircraft with a 66-foot wingspan, wider than an 18-foot Concorde. The flight to a 10,000-foot altitude from France.

In landing safety of Cap Gris-Nez, Alain was given to the \$243,000 price collected on Britain's return flight. Henry Kramer for just such a flight. It was the last in a long line of trials starting with the \$3,400 that the London City Mail awarded Béthol for his 40-minute flight from Bournemouth, near London, to Dover cliffs.

Alain did not get off the ground. On the first attempt at Folkestone, Kent, Gaseous Aircraft hit a jet and flipped off its plywood board. But the second time the thin, prefabricated cell, which wears thick-framed glasses and tips the scale at three times the weight of his 55-pound skull, landed onto the jet. Slipping beneath the wings in a transparent cockpit dressing, smooth crash helmet, cycling shoes and Maypole, he pushed along at a steady 10 knots and set an average height of only 10 feet.

McKee, Alain's brother, warned through a loud hailer to stop up the accompanying family of boats below—one of which

was manned by the aircraft's designer, Dr. Paul MacCready—and let them go ahead in case he had to pitch. But two hours and 20 minutes later, the hot craft bounced repeatedly down on the sand, below the radar station at Cap Gris-Nez, losing a wing in the process. Alain had pushed the plane around 12,000 feet.

Kramer, whose business is chiefly skydiving, has been offering prices for his one-passenger flight for about 25 years. The first, which started at \$12,000 and rose to \$120,000, remained unchanged for 10 years until the team of Alain and Paul MacCready won 10 years ago by completing a flight eight hours earlier to mark their 10th anniversary.

McKee, Alain's brother, warned through a loud hailer to stop up the accompanying family of boats below—one of which

most advanced nations in the world. With a population of only half a million people, it receives something like \$54 million annually in grants and from the United States, Canada, the United Nations, Britain, Germany and other countries, as well as an average of \$12 million a year in soft loans. In addition, it has received, from the UN military governors—earlier estimated as \$20 million a year, of which Canada gives a hefty share—and from the British bases.

Foreign aid and loans approach a fifth of all government revenues, and the over-all contributions to the economy, including the military spending, may be of the same order. This provides a solid, if slightly unbalanced, base for the dynamic Greek Cypriot economy. But since much of the money directly derives from the division of the island, it also creates, as one diplomat put it, "a vested interest in Cyprus to keep things as they are" (with the island divided horizontally in two with the Turkish Cypriots, protected by the Turkish army, in the north). The booming Greek Cypriot economy, partly fuelled by such

machete. Kramer's comment on the last test flight: "It shows what you can do with determination."

A rather more seemly conclusion was reached by The Guardian newspaper—since last week in which Britain were grappling with Deloitte New Lines' onerous charges to conserve existing energy supplies. "It's a big one for mankind," it editorialized. "If one man on a bicycle can cause benefit 10 feet above the ground and proceed laterally for 22 miles, the world hydrologists have had their day." The Guardian concluded that without technology there would have been no polystyrene, new ways to build the aircraft, that if and that Alain had proved "more about human capability than did Béthol 10 years ago."

Carol Kennedy

## Cyprus

### Dealing for dollars

Cyprus has kept an inflationary hammer on Cyprus for 15 years, a contribution to peace gives a little more stability over the weekend as Turkish and Cypriot not for talks which may well represent the last serious opportunity for a settlement on the divided island. The talks are being held in the headquarters of the Canadian contingent, the sandstone-faced Leda Palace Hotel, and one of Quebec's Royal 22e (Wyo. Regt.)—the same regiment that sent the first Canadian troops to the UN force here in 1967—are providing security. It is thus agreed that the UN force itself has become part of a system of international subsidies for the Greek Cypriots, which the politicians see as one of the most serious obstacles to a settlement.

Greek Cyprus must rank as one of the

foreign injections, gives the Greek Cypriots no economic incentive for a settlement and tends to reinforce those hardliners who prefer the strategy of the "long struggle," which is really a strategy for the economic defeat of the Turkish race.

By several international aid standards, much of the money that goes to Cyprus is representative. Each year the American embassy in Nicosia receives a grant of \$1.5 million from the UN military governors—earlier estimated as \$20 million a year, of which Cyprus gets a hefty share—and from the British bases.

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country which could well afford to pay for them from its own resources."

The bursting Cyprus debt package begins with Greece, which regularly puts in more than \$20 million. Then comes the Greek lobby in Congress with its contribution. The United Nations follows suit with emergency and development assistance programs that are predicated on all-mixed statistics which eat the per capita income figure. So do international banking institutions. Finally there is the sheer ingenuity of the Greek Cypriots in taking up aid options of every sort.

The Turkish Cypriots, with an income per head of only \$1,000 and far graver economic problems, receive only a fraction of the aid and cannot take loans and get no financial assistance except from Turkey. Nor do they benefit anything like as much from the UN and British military patrols. On the whole, spend their money, both collectively and individually, in Greek Cyprus. At the least, the aid flow encourages complacency and inaction on the Greek Cypriot side. If the island were successfully reunited, much of the aid would dry up and, eventually, the UN force would be terminated. The money might be replaced by new aid commissioners and private investment—but that is a bird in the hand.

Meanwhile, the widening gap between the two communities adds to the Turkish Cypriots' reluctance to go into a settlement. They would lose their subsidies, too, before facing Greek eco-

nomics, competition with which they have no hope of dealing unless there are special safeguards.

The Greek Cypriots seem to expect the aid flow to continue, even though the two propositions on which it is based—that they still have a serious refugee problem and manage a developing, rather than a developed, economy—get flimsier every year. One can hardly blame them. But, on the other hand, what began as a greater world response to communal strife and real need has now become, at least in part, a subsidy system which both violates reasonable principles of international aid and inhibits any settlement.

Martin Woollaston

## Nicaragua

### Back to fight another day

**W**ith the collapse of his underground forces known as The Barker, General Anastasio Somoza, has once trembled with rage, last week vowed to foreign journalists that he would never resign. Outside, in the streets of Managua, the Nicaraguan capital, knots of refugees, turned toward the city limits as Somoza's T-33 jets strafed guerrilla strong points in the slums with guns and缺點 in what was widely predicted as the prelude to a showdown in the 16-month struggle for control of the Central American republic.

For two weeks last September, Sandinista guerrillas armed with revolvers and kitchen knives defeated Somoza's National Guard, only to be crushed eventually by its tanks and planes. There followed a nine-month lull in which an international mediation effort collapsed, while Somoza brought in arms from Israel and upped the guard's strength from 3,000 to 30,000 and the guerrillas licked their wounds and lied in arms from Poland and Cuba.

The latest round of fighting erupted at the end of May, when the guerrillas launched an invasion from Costa Rica, to the south, and called for a nationwide strike and a general uprising. In the north, predictably, the rebels quickly gained control of León—the country's second largest city—Matagalpa and Jinotega. In each, the pattern of fighting was the same: The Sandinistas, with handgrenades and a few 30-caliber machine-guns and howitzers, slipped in from the surrounding hills and, joined by local supporters, threw up makeshift barriers as protection from the fire of local guard units. The government strategy, as in September, sought to hold one besieged city at a time, sending armored vehicles and troops down the hilly, winding roads to pass with air support in breaking the rebels' hold. In September, those convoys had rushed to the fight unthundered. But this

Canadian observer (above) and UN peacekeepers as the problem



Canadian observer and UN armored vehicle

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time the guerrillas erected road blocks and ambushed them in a battle for control of the roads

By midweek, after two weeks of fighting, a stalemate had been reached.

The rebels still controlled several northern cities but the National Guard had routed them from Managua and had pushed the invading force back across the Costa Rican border. Somoza had clamped a martial law, was arresting opponents at will—including a prominent newspaper editor—and had ordered the headquarters of *La Prensa*, the opposition press, bombed. As one Nicaraguan said, "It's a question of morale now. The war could go either way."

Even if Somoza held on to power, though, it was clear that his troubles would be far from over. Although he dismissed his opponents as an internal brigade of Communists, they were, as many realized, in reality, the populations at large—class-distress, ageing forces with communists, conservative politicians and clergy. The unifying goal for this heterogeneous group was the overthrow of the Somoza dynasty's dictatorship of political and economic life which had installed by U.S. Marines 20 years ago.

By week's end, the success of that effort seemed to hinge on the fighting in the capital. While the stream of refugees from Managua was increasing and widespread looting was reported as the

Somocista visits his troops on the Costa Rican border, armoring at white

population sought to feed off starvation, guerrillas fought resurgent battles in the National Guard and turned down the road to victory. The U.S. seriously called for the Organization of American States to accept a political solution. Otherwise, and Secretary of State Cyrus Vance added to U.S. fears of another Cuba—"The chances are great."

James Fleming

Europe

## The shape of things to come

**S**imone Veil always seems to win without trying. She is a poor speaker, but so popular in France that whenever she falls on her heels, her opponents fall in the polls more often than falls still when she shuffles the footlights, she managed last week to lead her centre-right coalition to a clear victory in France's elections for the European parliament. Soo, without seeking applause, she is likely to conquer Europe as well. Veil, a former Auschwitz prisoner who went on to become a magistrate and then health minister of France, is tipped to win the presidency of France when its 450 members gather for their spring session in Strasbourg on July 15.

In many ways, she seems an appropriate choice for the job. Her suffering

Guiscard votes a pro-people parliament



Guiscard votes a pro-people parliament



But 80 per cent of the population is illiterate, seeing a desperate existence with outdated farming methods or living in shanty towns around the cities. Harsh winters have had phosphate prices have fallen and the war has drained resources. Inflation could reach 15 per cent this year and wages are not keeping up. Unemployment is at least 50 per cent.

Not that a visitor to downtown Casablanca would guess anything was wrong. High-rise buildings would not recognize today's sprawling industrial port of more than two million. Smart boutiques, lofty office blocks and French cuisine lead a sophisticated Perrierian life to the city centre, while, further down the Atlantic coast, Casablanca, U.S. and European tourists dream their days away on beaches, which is cheaply and easily available.

For young Moroccans like 30-year-old state teacher Abdellah Elzakar, however, life has more problems than pleasure. "Books are expensive and many kids don't even have a school place to go to. And people are too poor to find a teacher or teacher in a government school in Casablanca may pay \$100 a month just to decide the wage of, for example, a waiter."

Yet living 10 or 11 to a room still seems preferable to a rural existence in a mud-brick hut. Abdellah Benabdell, leader of the opposition Socialist Union of Popular Forces, says land reforms in the poverty "Our country deserves a country if one leaves 70 per cent of the people in a subsistence economy."

The revolution set in chains of signs of civil change, however, until the king's release gave him power. Parliament is dominated by pro-Hassan "Independents" and the king's commander of the armed forces as well as being religious leader of the Sufi Mouvement. Strikers have been arrested or dismissed, and while press and parliamentary criticism is perceived an unknown number of political prisoners linger in jail.

Out in the Sahara itself, the 40,000 Moroccan troops are reported to be disengaged with the lack of loans, the difficult conditions, and the king's direction of the war. But their task is to help to get richer rather than poorer. The Polisario is pledged to carry the war even deeper into Morocco and Hassan's former ally, Mauritania, is trying to settle with the guerrillas.

There is thus no easy way out for Hassan and his difficulties are compounded by the fact that even his opponents want the war to succeed. "Indeed, his forces could well depend on it. I am always telling my people that the burden of the Sahara is great," he says. "But the fact is that the Moroccans people have the Sahara in their blood, and what am I to do?"

David Baird

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U.S.A.

## What makes Andy run

When Andrew Stein, new Manhattan borough president, was 18, his father, New York police Jerry Frankelstein, took him to the White House to meet President John F. Kennedy. "What are your ambitions?" the president asked the young man. "I thought for a minute," recalls Stein. "Should I tell the truth?" Plunging in, Stein pointed to the chair behind Kennedy's oval office desk. "In 30 years, Mr. President, I want to sit there."

Today, 34-year-old Democrat Andrew Stein (the bowdlerized version of his family name which he now uses) is the first part of his goal. Last week he gashed headlines—the sort that make the politician's road to success—with revelations of massive irregularities in the purchase of \$25 million worth of transit advertising space on the New York subway system. The burgeoning Stein, which has led to a \$154-million ride by the city's subway ridership, is now an employee of Madison Incorporated, which will the \$1.5 billion undercarriages known as "cookies" that the company berthed Metropolitan Transit Authority inspectors to certify the equipment passes quality-control tests had shown it was substandard. "People knew that there was something wrong with these subway undercarriages, but no one was doing anything about it. Now the FBI, the city, everybody is investigating," says Stein. Then he adds, with the arrogance that has become his trademark. "I just have a sense of the issue. Believe me, this could be as big as the nursing-home scandal."

If so, Stein stands to be a real winner. When he was a New York State assemblyman his investigations of financial scams and patient neglect in New York nursing homes led to conviction of several of the institutions' operators, and, not as incidentally, to his election for Andrew Stein. Last year he handily defeated Robert Wagner Jr., son of former New York mayor Robert Wagner, for Manhattan borough president in a race that saw each vote spend \$1 million.

Money has never been a problem for Stein. His multimillionaire father has



Stein enough money for subways

underwritten every step of his political career since he had just \$300,000 to finance Andrew's first campaign for state assembly in 1987. "If my father weren't wealthy, powerful and pushy and as ambitious for his son as Joe Kennedy was for his...," plastic Andy, wearing enough gold jewelry to require bouncers, would probably be hawking garments on Seventh Avenue," says one New York journalist. Refers Stein: "Never talk politics with my father even though I used his money to campaign."

Jerry Frankelstein's bankroll, however, is not the only change against Stein. Stein has repeatedly admitted that his investigations have been motivated more by political opportunity than an outraged conscience. And some point out that much of the initial digging for the incriminating information is due to Stein's young assistants, who blast through the culprits to lop off their wigs to a rising star. For the current subway investigation, two Stein side split more than six months at Transit Authority headquarters, poring over 1,000 pages of correspondence.

To detractors, Stein's own intellectual prowess also has been questionable. They doubt in recalling that he attended four colleges before finally receiving his degree.

Such principles, however, no longer bother Stein. "Look," he explains, "I think a lot of people were naïve. We've been in politics for over 10 years now and those people are still waiting for me to make a mistake. How can you say that's not smart?" Opponents have indeed learned to take Stein more seriously. Last year his endorsement and financial support for a political unknown defeated one powerful state as-

ssembly speaker Stanley Beilstein, with whom he had feuded for years. Now Stein makes no secret of his contempt for some of New York's top Democratic brass, including Governor Hugh Carey and Mayor Koch. "Koch and I, we just don't get along," he says. Such quotes make awkward mentors, and Stein's open quest for next year's Democratic nomination for New York senator has not won him many allies either. But he reasons, "I'm not New York's political establishment. I will not be able to drag him."

"It bothers people that I come right out with my opinions," says Stein. "That's not supposed to be cricket. But I'll tell you, tell anybody, I want to be senator." Then, self-consciously fingerless, he says his 100th clip, a reminder of the Kennedy years. Stein adds, "I want to be president." Rita Christopher

## Open season on good buddies

National Guardsmen, watering flicker jets and taking M-16 rifles were standing by to escort truck convoys through the southern United States this week to help prevent further bloody confrontations on a strike by independent truckers, organized to capture its aqueous oil and gasoline supply lines. Shippers holding in barrels at the side of highways last week fired on trucks that dared to stop on the roads in towns, Nebraska, Minnesota and at least five other states. In Alabama, the 26-year-old wife of a Georgia trucker was shot and critically wounded while riding in her husband's rig. She had gone along to keep him company.

The Independent Truckers Association, which represents about 30,000 of



the nation's 180,000 independent owners-operators and drivers to handle 80 percent of fresh food supplies, has called for a nationwide slowdown to block demands for cheaper diesel fuel, standardized load limits and a 55-m.p.h. speed limit. If fully obeyed, that could halt half the 250,000 long-haul trucks in the U.S. and, last week, with 70,000 trucks off the road, the independents were more than halfway to their target. Strikers were operating highway blockades at truck stops, gasoline terminals and farmer co-ops in 37 states.

In addition to fresh food and gasoline supplies, the strike is also threatening propane and jet fuel. Many companies used to get supplies from foreign firms. The last major company, Plains Packing of Billings, Montana, was one example. By the weekend, storage of pet deliveries, the plant was operating at half capacity and company controller John Harris was desperately trying to find drivers who would work. He didn't have much success. Said Harris: "They are afraid to go out on the road. Some of the folks who kept driving have had calls in the middle of the night and said have their wives."

The independent truckers' case is that the cost of diesel fuel has gone up about 30 cents a gallon since April 1, increasing the cost of an average weekly load by \$200. Despite a recent increase in freight rates, the average independent, who has been earning \$1,200 to \$1,500 a month last year, has had earnings cut by about \$600, they claim.

But so far, with President Jimmy Carter preoccupied with OPEC, Washington has shown little sympathy. Officials have merely promised to study

National Guardsmen on guard and (below) Indiana truckers scuffling night lights



their case. The White House will only start paying attention to the truckers' demands, says Eddie Holton, a female trucker from Atmore, Alabama, "when the public's belly goes growling." She and her fellow drivers agreed that that will not be long in happening.

William Lowther

## 'They all up there butcept dat one'

It is spoken in the ghetto and never written—a flowing, rippling speech known as black English. To the untrained ear it sounds fractured grammar and word speak sound as foreign as Spanish and, last week, in a case that could have profound implications nationally, a federal court in Detroit was invited to judge if it is, in fact, a distinctive language or merely a dialect.

The point at issue before Judge Charles W. Jones is whether black English is a barrier to learning standard English and, if so, whether a school system has a legal responsibility to help students overcome the barrier so that they can participate in instructional programs on an equal basis with those who speak standard English.

The question is raised by a suit brought against the All-Arbor school district by 13 black children who attend the Martin Luther King Jr. School. They claim that the school system violated their civil rights by failing to help them vault the language barrier.

Some of the children involved—as the basis of their classroom performance—have been classified as mentally handicapped. In arguments put before the court last week, attorneys representing the children said that the basis for the case rests in the Equal Educational Opportunity Act of 1974. A section of that act provides for special help for children who speak a language other than English.

For years there have been complaints among black families that their children are not well educated and given because they cannot communicate with white teachers. "The black children involved in this case may just as well have been speaking Chinese as all they could have been understood in school," said a spokesman for their law firm. As part of its case it proposed to enter into evidence tape recordings of black English examples. "My momma name Mary" (my mama's name is Mary), "Sometimes she-ah-let-uh" (sometimes she will let me) and "And they all up there butcept dat one" (and they are all up there except that one).

The school board answers that the ways children speak and act are all things a teacher must take into consideration. The judge is expected to give his ruling by mid-July. If he finds for the children, it could mean that schools throughout the nation have to provide translators and special adaptations for black ghetto children. It could also mean a whole new program for elementary schools.

William Lowther

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See 'Under the hood' on page 104

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## Bachelorettes: a crying need and a shame

**O**n a blue-sketched Sunday afternoon in late May, Toronto's mayor John Sewell, clutching a bull horn, hopped along the streets of South Parkdale leading a band of about 200 Torontonians on a tour of the local houses known as bachelorettes. "There's one, folks," he shouted, pointing to a stark, square, stuccoed building wedged between two well-kept Edwardian houses on Doug Avenue. The structure held 30 one-room apartments, each the size of a horse's stall, with kitchen bathrooms and kitchens—and each existed in direct contradiction of the city's zoning bylaws. The crowd murmured disapproval.

Bachelorettes are not a new problem in the 100-year-old Parkdale community. For the past 10 years landlords have been busily converting overpriced rooming houses into some of the profitably little cells. And the sites have now spread through rooming-house properties in the Annex and Cabbagetown

areas of the city. Then, last January, Sewell assigned a task force to examine the situation. Its report, completed in April, forms the basis for resolutions that will come before city council on June 25. In the past, scandals have plagued the city's building department, which has seen officials charged with municipal corruption and breach of trust, in connection with payoffs over illegal conversions. Parkdale residents are chafing at a succession of slow-moving bylaws (and are angry about the unsettling inference the sudden influx of semi-transient singles has had on their community).

Councillor Barbara Adams, 31, was a popular figure on the mayor's staff. The first chairperson of the Parkdale Working Group on Bachelorettes, she has spent the past three years struggling with the question of what to do about the 200 bachelorette buildings put up in the 30 blocks of South Parkdale



Courtesy of the Star

"It's a crucial issue," she says, "and now at last it's being treated as such."

Yet Adams, the mayor and two other aldermen who worked on the 20-page task force report admit that Toronto needs bachelorettes. Their valuable box for both tenants and neighbours. According to a recent federal housing survey, Metro Toronto is the toughest place in Canada to find an apartment. The vacancy rate is 7 per cent, which means



Courtesy of the Star

Adams and bachelorette interior: black pictures for single-occupant houses

that only one out of every 125 apartments is available and the rates are extremely high—mainly in the downtown area. All of which points a bleak housing crisis for single apartment landlords, who make up one-third of the city's population.

Reports from Parkdale residents indicate an increase in drug trafficking, prostitution and harassment of women and the elderly on the streets. "Ninety-five per cent of the rental buildings in South Parkdale are owned by absentee landlords," Adams says. "They don't know or care about what's going on."

The task force's main recommendation involves creating a "clean-up team" headed by a lawyer with the assistance of various city departments to track down illegals and enforce the by-laws. But it takes about nine months to get a landlord into court, while in the meantime, he can continue to be illegally rented or, in the case of about 50 Parkdale buildings, they are boarded up indefinitely.

One of John Sewell's walking band aids was the city didn't just buy out the bad guys and make a fresh start. "Expropriation is out of the question," and the mayor firmly "We're not going to reward these guys for doing illegal stuff." The people murmured approval.

Marsha Boutin/  
Comcast Bristow

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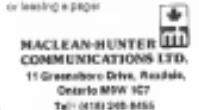
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## Education YES, it's working

**A**cross the country, recent university graduates—especially arts and social science grads—are back with high school dropouts in the lines of the unemployed. The noted instability of a m.s. degree to attract offers of employment has spurred York University in Toronto to offer a unique experimental course in running a small business. It is a non-credit, seven-week workshop called the York Economic Self-Sufficiency (YESS) program, and caters to arts and science students and graduates. They learn the basics of managing a business, including selling, financing, finding the right location, keeping records and how to do market research. After 18 months, 20 students have graduated from the program. About 20 have now set themselves up in small business.

Two years ago Steven Campbell, 25, and his partner Anne Roger, 24, were York arts students. Today they employ eight people in a 27-seat restaurant, Mason & Albee, in downtown Toronto. Campbell was so confident he would succeed after taking the YESS program that he didn't bother finding a degree in economics. "When I looked at the job prospects for m.s.s. compared to all these b.s.s., I decided this was more valuable," he says.

With the arrival of two York professors, Rose Warner, master of Commerce College, and Rose Petersen, director of small business programs, they began the program in the fall of 1972 because they saw more and more students eager to find jobs or seriously underemployed.

"If you don't have entrepreneurs who know how to take risks and develop new products, the economy doesn't grow and you don't get more employment," says Petersen. While his graduate students teach the program and offer individual consulting, he encourages the country to encourage other universities, high schools and even public schools to teach basic business skills.

Of those people who have taken the YESS program, 60 per cent of the first-year students are now operating their own businesses and others are involved with start-up plans. Says Gerti Grebien, who hopes to start manufacturing stained glass, "YESS was the most useful thing I took at university." Sheila Falls

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- 28. Senior Secretary (297)
- 29. Secretary Transcription (236)
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- 31. Bookkeeper Secretary (300)
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- 49. Mechanical Word Processing Typist (154)
- 50. Mechanical Word Processing/Secretary (141)
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- 99. Light Industrial Other (300)
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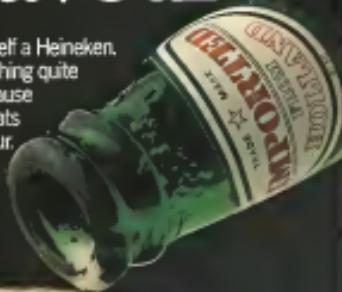
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## Music



### For the Record

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Conducted by Carl Davis  
(Photo: S. Mazzu)

**C**anada's greatest and most voluminous rock expert, Jon Vickery, assesses the role of the tortured, disturbed English suburban with an emotional anguish worthy of Britain's neurotic masterpiece. His view, the world's most poignant these days, shows no signs of devolving: there's gorgeous tone, Wagnerian size and stretch, ornate flourishes of sound on the radio, sense, real creativity in every word. And the sympathetic schoolmaster Ellen O'Gord, Heather Blane (gratefully) lead by her heart. She's concluding, especially of the era interludes, brings the village kindly to life, and the music of sound. Tom Phillips is, as usual, outstanding.

LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

LOCOPO  
Saskatoon  
(RCA)

**B**owie has lapsed into antsy down-state blues by refusing to actually rock. On more than half of *Lodger* he is again blighted by the lousy and mated noise of Brian Eno. By side 3, sounds from foreign lands are put to frantic effect, on one flip side, the traveller is so lost dislocated at home. All of it is now repeated listening.

THE BILLY  
Lou Reed  
(Ukana/ Capitol)

**L**ou Reed's leadership is more mafiosal than Bowie's. His tough and bitter ways, his concern with the daily mysteries of pain, tell a gaping vulnerability. Less world than *Street Hassle*, *The Bells* is another kind of achievement. All the songs the Night and Fortune are especially wrenching.

DAVID LIVINGSTON

# Pursuing the working woman

By Barbara Arned

**"E**ducate me," said the research analyst as he pushed a microchip forward. "But aren't you a working woman?" Giggled 25-year-old manager Pat Grandjean. "Of course," said the third in this month. Any more of this and I won't have time to work."

The confrontation took place on a Toronto street around lunchtime when scores of female secretaries, bank tellers, lawyers and even taxi drivers are tripping the light fantastic in the new combination of work and home. At noon many working women do triple time trying to fit in personal shopping, family chores and, occasionally, a little lunch. That is, when they're not being interviewed, harassed and almost fin-

ished as the full impact of the female factor in the labor force begins to hit retailers, advertisers and stockholders.

Government planners are also the last, hardly trying to expand the job market to cope with the flood of working women. But as a more everyday look at the cost of the working woman's salary is causing a good deal of rethinking in the boardrooms of the realm. What status-of-women committees and guidelines on sexual stereotyping in advertising could never do have fed a society with a new image of women—women can now do for themselves in a free-enterprise economy the dollar banks louder than anyone's words. Since women are earning and spending more than ever, their habits, preferences, likes and dislikes are high

stakes for big business. Pat Grandjean is divorced, earns about \$12,000 a year and spends almost every penny of it. She is typical of the childless younger working woman on her way not to a more job but to a career. In Grandjean's case, as in Yves St. Laurent's fashion buyer.

In 1976, Statistics Canada listed nearly four million women working, or 38 per cent of the total labor force. Of those, 47.8 per cent were married. And while for many such women equality in the working world has meant taking on the manners of a man's role as well as the place—jobs she dislikes but must do to make ends meet or keep up the mortgage payments—for a growing number of younger women, work is both a means of support and a clear run at getting some of the good things in life—



everything from the luxury of fine art to safaris in Kenya. "We just sold a \$10,000 Eskimo soapstone sculpture to a young woman," reports Toronto's Inezart Gallery. "She'd been eyeing it for six months." What the gallery didn't know was that the woman in question, a newspaper reporter, had taken on an extra job during her three-week vacation to finance the purchase.

Estates and fashion designers are most immediately affected by the phenomenon of the working woman. The *mag* trade, for example, has finally realized what seemed obvious to women themselves for years: women are not single personalities. They may wish to be feminine in the day, sexy in the evening. They may be workers in the boardroom. If it suits their strategy and stratification in the bedroom if the role appeals to them. Women are no longer obliged to make ideologial or social statements with their clothes. "I used to have to wear jeans if I wanted the fellow on campus to take me seriously,"

But who are all these women will it cost \$150 to spend on an outfit, and where

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a blue dress, is hugging an older man from behind. The man is wearing a dark suit and has a warm, smiling expression. The background is dark and out of focus.

will they spend \$1 in a boutique? A department store? The discount channel? Market analysts are pursuing the working women with Galahadian zeal. A recently completed study by Terence's Retail Marketing Associates traces 600,000 of the generic metropolitan area. The report is clearly aimed at helping stores understand that potential new customers. The data amassed even included her physical characteristics: she is five-foot-four, has a \$50.00 shade of wearing glasses, weighs about 125 pounds and wears a thirty cent dress for buying a \$100.00 pair of pants.

The data probably holds true for most urban areas across Canada," says 86-year-old President Ian MacLennan, but "it's very difficult to pin them down. The most difficult thing is defining what constitutes discretionary or disposable income and what is money that is absolutely needed to keep the household together. From what we see, households with two working mothers are more likely to have two cars, more likely to have gas ahead for the holiday and probably somewhere between last year. But, you see, then you have to add in the cultural variables like women from ethnic families where the work ethic is very strong and the women are working in order to purchase a house. A number of ethnic families have all their energies at home buying and they end up paying off mortgages at an incredible rate. But that won't fit into your neat two-class

Now will it fit into Kubey's data which indicates that the household spends as annual average of \$350 on personal purchases (clothes, cosmetics, etc.) while the working woman spends \$325? Or that the working woman prefers smaller boutiques or specialty shops? And there is the role. Facing a drop in their share of the retail dollar (down 17.6% between 1976 and 1980), the big department stores are getting into the hands for the new day of the retail trade lady eligible for unemployment insurance but with no need to drop it.

Nothing illustrates the growing intensity of the pursuit of this new target customer better than the opening last April of the 66-million marble, steel and glass palace of Toronto's new Holt Renfrew branch. Within days of the opening, shoppers were dodging a crowd-hazard-build-up in squads outside Holt's, separation to train, sheet and envelopatives undeterred. Armed with clipboards, determined young ladies thrust themselves into the path of passing pedestrian, padding eight-of-way until some acceptance of an application for Holt Renfrew clearance was granted.

Beside the shop the approach will

even more bluster. Shoppers aren't reaching the main escalators had to be a gauntlet of shoo-eeberry ladies who greeted with phantasmic snorts. "Where do you work, and could we be your employer's phone number?" the results reflected their ardor. "We opened up over 4,000 new accounts two weeks," gloats an enthusiastic Brian DeWinter, the 35-year-old vice-president and general manager of the new store. "We're letting people know that Hots is not just for the costume set. We've ignored the working girl too long."

The battle graphically illustrated the new direction of Heil's merchandising strategy. For nearly 80 years since the Canadian charter opened, it has been Canada's success for the carriage trade. Heil, drawn in, responded by using the acknowledged Canadian slogan of "the chee-ah" (read "chee-ah"). Heil's Canadian *Wheeler*, has been the place for men's hats culture *Dior* or *André* Long. Little undeterred atings at several thousand dollars as estimate "But," explains a wise executive, "you

can't open a store of 180,000 square feet as fast as *explosives*." These days the store is serving for the two-jp family with a combined income of \$25,500. That means, as he explains, that the wife must well be earning in the \$12,000 to \$15,000 bracket. Consequently, on the third floor of the new store, the Miss Beaufort shop carries \$65 two-piece synthetic suits that are a good buy at the \$700 to designer outlets in the mid-\$200s boutiques or the \$300 French ready-to-wear in the second-floor department. "That's the way we've got to go," says DeWolfe. "Canadian manufacturers learning to knock off the expensive designer looks. Made-in-Canada makes sense because our tariffs, duties and dramatically devolved dollar mean prices on imported clothes are going up."



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shak new lifestyle TV advertising campaign featuring its own credit card and trendy new clothes priced at \$30.95 urging women to "play it bold, play it safe but play it right"—and not a knicker or top is a single frame of the commercial. From the plus-size party dress to the "mildly revealing" family dress, each item is a family favorite—though it has taken her line a few steps.

The concept of the store as a community centre is also gaining ground. "The beach-lunch fashion show for maternities," says an apparently serious De Watta, is the middle of his gleaming mirrored showroom, surrounded by Valentino and Pendi boutiques and 27 different kinds of paisley in the gourmet shop. Down the road at the Bay, placards advertise the current evening lecture series entitled *Osceola and Upwood* for the "career-minded women." The department stores have committed to the retail profit of maternity wear.

But in the end, the sales-per-square-foot worries of the fashion business from St. John's to Victoria come down to how well the buyers can read the fashion trends and predict the politics of fashion. After seasons of the body-lagged look, fashion has descended rapidly

hereinafter, pared-down shapes, micro-skirts and body-revealing clothes. Trousers are tapered often to plus tight, with a return of the familiar cargo pants. Shorts are off to nothing—extreme castration and waste are emphasized. The result is a stark look at the 1980s. Skimpy dresses and tube tops (this year called "the tutu") are giving the boyish one-piece back as a new extreme waistlessness. In fact, as women become more liberated in their lifestyles, the fashion designers seem best on joining mass strivings into their clothing. Shoulder pads whelmed tops and layered stockings to be straightened, lagged at and held up by guitar belts on top of staggeringly high-heeled-heeled males are trickling into the stores.

"This year we're moving up heavily on strapless bras ranging from lightweight wings to the low-cut-to-the-waist number," says retailer Juan Taylor of Toronto's Bra Bar. "In '83 and '84 my age don't want to go back into central underwear, but the young girls seem willing to try it out. And these tight new trousers are going to send foundations with a leg in them to smooth out lumpy thighs—or cellulite." For some Canadian lingerie designers

the trend to the severely tailored soft with the straight shirt and padded shoulders is an excuse for strapless underwear. "I've been pushing the soft-soft underwear for years," says designer Barbara Semmel. "When you look that straight out on the outside, you want something thinking, alarming and decadent underneath."

Toronto's high-fashion store Creeds went, wearing the working girl about eight years ago with a special Max Creeds department, for released from its traditional Cartier-and-Chanel clutches. The shop now features "affordable fashion" like skirts with a cuff, tight-cut pants at \$15 a pair and the "diaper dress" from one of Canada's hottest young designers, Wayne Clark. "It's slit up both sides almost to the waist and just between the legs," explains buyer Jane Weltman. "The young girls love it for evening. But we're staying away from the space look and the exaggerated shoulders. No one understands it. I don't think that's what today's woman wants." Says Eaton's fashion sales manager, Gail Marco: "The customers are having the shoulder pads removed and the extreme ultra news up. But, still, the younger working girls are interested in them. In the day they'll wear soft and feminine clothes, but practical—except for those French bras they're lecturing on. At night it's garter belts, sequined stockings, little apinged cotton stack on one breast or a batteck and tiny hats tipped over one eye. It all depends on the mood and where they live."

Marie Elliot, 26, an assistant sales manager in a Vancouver boutique, agenda close to \$4,000 of her annual \$50,000 income as chief of the store's back-to-back-on-a-stick line there this back East," she says. "I dress for my different needs: sporty and tailored in the street and casual at night." In Ottawa, senior east servant Marisol Stanfield, Maestro-look of African ancestry, mixes her extensive Third World wardrobe with the textures of Canadian designer Anikas Stafft. "I get a enormous pleasure out of textures," she says, "and buying clothes is not a pressure but a pleasure."

Except for those few unfortunate creatures for whom walking within 20 blocks of a fashion shop is a daunting experience, "Buying Margaritaville" is how one long-suffering group of spouses described their working wives' over-monthly migration to the shopping centre of lots. A Toronto dental hygienist, who readily admits to suffering from the Holt-Reservoir-Creed syndrome known as the Blue Street Blues, lamented last week as she looked at her overworn change suitcase: "What difference does it make if I'm barred from Holt-Reservoir? I'll just dash across the road to Credit!" ☺



## Books

# A BOUNTY OF BIOGRAPHIES

**B**iography tantalizes. Anyone who impresses us with their achievement, whether in the arts, the sciences, philosophy or politics, is in the biographer's target. Like children who instinctively take apart a toy to see how it works, we want to know: What are the famous made of? Could we become as Albert Einstein or as Queen Victoria if only the little confusions of our lives were in some way not disastrous to them? Each year the biographers of important authors are published and sold, and while the learned lecture us that the best way to understand a writer is to read his work—and we sense the truth of this—all the same, some lesser part of us wants to know.

Began with François Marie Arouet, pena in 1686, later to take the penname Voltaire, Sublime, the scourge of clerical tyranny, he led an incomparable life now faithfully evoked in the soon-to-be-published biography *Voltaire by Jean Grivis* (Doubleday, \$35.95). This is a biography written with the humor, elegance and skill Voltaire deserved of an upwardly mobile family. Voltaire shocked his notary father by announcing at 26 that he would be a man of letters: "In the condition of a man who wishes to be of no use to society, to spouse on his relatives and to starve to death," declared his father. In one case out of 10 he would have been right. In Voltaire's case it was simply to be a condition of constant peril in the *Prison of Louis XIV* and Louis XV the censor, religious supervisor. The wrong thought could cost a man his tongue and two hands. Literary criticism was not an interesting argument conducted over wine and cheeses. It was a deadly game of parricidium that led directly to the king's table—either at the palace of Versailles or the dungeon of the Bastille. None played the game better than Voltaire, or for higher stakes. Seeking protection from the fractured monarchs of Europe he played up to queens, courtiers and cardinals. He studied. He speculated. He sought money, influence—and with the freedom to speak

The established church hated him. "Theology is to religion what poison is to food," he wrote. His enemies never forgot him, perhaps with good reason. (Author Jean-Baptiste Rousseau would show him the manuscript of his *Emile* in Poverty only to hear Voltaire remark that "I doubt if this book will ever reach its destination.") His own king would not receive him at Versailles. Louis XV never understood that Voltaire, the champion of the Enlightenment, had so desire to be ruled by The People—only a desire for an equitable rule of law to be administered by a wise king. Of course Louis XV might have sensed this would still exclude him.

Moralists, unlike Voltaire, are asked people, they tend to thunder about abstract principles at times. Joëlle Richardson's biography *Zola* (McGraw-Hill, \$12.95, \$22.95 on tape) is a splendid example. The young Zola, victimized by a homossexual rape at age five, suffered at school and living in poverty with his mother for most of his term, decided before turning 20 to become a famous poet. "Threw up pity for the fate of the vanquished," he wrote on one of the rare occasions he could afford a leisure to work by, "when it is their weakness which is to blame.... You achieve nothing without determination." And off the wheel. As the publicity rep at a Paris publisher, Zola parlayed his position into one of influence. His career under control, the father of naturalism began to turn out the Bouguereau-Marcart novels that are the basis of his work the "realistic" books that chronicled life in the drab France.

In his personal life he enjoyed the perception of the accomplished and wealthy, breaking the rules. Zola's faithful bourgeois wife was placed in an asyl, and the peasant girl of his childhood dreams—and mother of his children—in another. But it was Zola's journalism, rather than his novels or real life, that electrified the world. Asked to look into the Dreyfus affair (the roars marred and ended a Jewish officer accused of treason) he did so,

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with some skepticism at first, and then with inevitable commitment. Dreyfus, he decided, was innocent. His famous newspaper essay *"J'accuse"* sent him first to trial himself on charges of libel and then, like Voltaire, to exile in England. Though Zola eventually returned to France he was never quite forgiven—which perhaps enabled him to join the distinguished ranks of those who didn't even return to the French Academy.

In the tiny Prussian world of Thomas and Heinrich Mann the disengagement of Zola-style newspaper advocacy seemed unlikely. Born into the 1870s as a wealthy middle-class family in Lübeck, Mann gave himself his name would take over his merchant shipping business. He was to be disengaged. By adolescence both sons had decided firmly on literary careers. The premature death of their father and the structure of his will to disengage literary aspirants and guide the boys into more "practical" occupations were to no use. The South American Mrs. Mann sympathized with her son, and Dr. Thomas spent his apprenticeship at a fine insurance company writing his first novels, while Heinrich began a more conventional apprenticeship. She was to wait with anxiety as her sons drafted quickly again. Heinrich, the elder man, was becoming an outspoken Communist fellow-worker, while Thomas held desperately to his apolitical convictions in the face of growing right-wing talk.



tasy in Germany. But the philosophical basis of their dispute seemed more a pretense for disengagement than a reason. Though his early novels would sell well, Heinrich would achieve real success only with *Professor Unrat* and then only accidentally. Joseph von Sternberg would turn it—and Marlene Dietrich—to stardom in his legendary film, *The Blue Angel*.

With the events of the '30s and the rise of Hitler, the two brothers started to fight bitterly. By the time Hitler took power both were exiles dispersed in their homeland in spite of Thomas' 1938 Nobel Prize. If Nigel Hamilton's biography *The Brothers Mann* (Book Centre, \$21.25) has much value it is in the thorough chronology of the brothers' lives. But Hamilton's personal sympathies for scientific socialism beg the book down with dogma and innuendo. Still, since he records the facts faithfully, the essential humanity of Thomas, author of the *Judaean* quartet and of *Doktor Faustus*,

is surely "as it falls" occasionally and otherwise to work for that Trinity as to lay signs to a way was as

it was as

# Love means always having to say you're sorry

PLAYERS  
Directed by Anthony Harvey

**W**hat can you say about a 44-year-old woman who can't act? That she is Ali MacGraw. That she did *Love Story*. That she is the world's worst actress. And that when she talks, you wonder what modern Hollywood miracle has arranged for her mouth to open. Luckily, she has been restored to nothing more than that one- syllable words. Not that anyone could consider herself lucky watching *Players*, which is best beyond belief.

MacGraw  
Marty world  
at the worst

We're at Wimbledon watching new- come Chris, played by Dean-Paul Martin (son of Dean and not really deserving of that), matched with Guillermo Vilas for the title. Chris keeps looking over at Ali's empty seat and dashes back to meet her in Mexico where he saves her life after a car crash. "With my happy birthday," she says later, in her inimitably smoky manner. "You're leaving... you need a present." He says "I've saved my life, it's not good as a present," replies Ali. Her few recognizable lines. She's been kept by a tycoon (Mark Rydell, who's performed larger amounts of self- serving breakfast for her) and thus off to him at allegedly crucial dramatic moments. sandwiched between them are love- divorce meetings of the two and a big coupling montage where the earth moves. Not Ali's fault, though.

There are so many lapses of continuity in *Players* that it seems to have been edited by a deficient. Best example: Chris's coach, Fausto Gonzales, telling him—after months of coaching—how to serve properly. Tennis has never been served as poorly. In this case, love means always having to say you're sorry—if you have the misfortune to sit through that grossness

Ali, Fausto (center) the tennis coach

## A double whammy of Burbank wacko

SHED-OUTERS  
Directed by Arthur Hiller

A simple-minded variation on the well-worn Oscar and Peter re- turn: Sheldon Kornberg (Alvin Kalb), successful Jewish dentist with a lively stove and high blood pressure, is about to watch his only daughter wed the only son of Vilas Ricardo (Peter Falk), endearingly apathetic with questionable references and a pocketful of epigrams from the U.S. mail—a ranch that could only have been made in Burbank. Ricardo wrenches the timid doctor from his root canal, dragging him to a banana republic where they face the firing squad of one General Garza, recipient of an international currency fraud operation, save the economy of the Western world and land safely home in tails and top hats before their offspring can say "I do." It's a sweetish plot

Arkin, Falk (center) the ranch doctor

base. An moreover solo Vilas, "What is the magic which makes Whisheden different?" Vilas replies, "The magic of Whisheden." The movie has an IQ of 88.

Players may turn you off to tennis forever. But it gets hung around over and over, scores counted and reevaluated. And it may be the only movie to use a lens coated with mustard stains. An Penn Leibovitz would have put it, everybody is "sudsy tan." As Chris's coach says, "If you're looking for sympathy you'll find it in the dictionary right behind me." Players, too, is a sympathy.

Lawrence O'Toole

that promises plenty of knee-slapping fun up on the screen, but leaves those below stock-jawed. Writer Andrew Bergman (*Murder, She Said*) has dashed up another double whammy of whacko and the result is disturbingly reminiscent of vintage Jerry Lewis, circa *Aladdin*, an airline named Wong, a charl string squad. Sure for the disappointment of Arkin and Falk, it's however that Arkin's performance is inaudibly mediocre. Falk, though competently gruff and scruffy, does better on television as the garrulous with the rampant enthusiasm. Together, his General Givens's well-folded pliers, they collapse like a wet tent.

Ann Johnston

## This one's Rocky II but that's fine

ROCKY II  
Directed by Sylvester Stallone

Sylvester Stallone may not be able to do much else in this world other than *Rocky*, but my God, can he do *Rocky*!

It is not easy to say this, given how much critics and reviewers have wanted him to fall face-first into his own spit bucket with his saggy, but Rocky II is as good as *Rocky I*, which has become the modern standard for inspirational, leave-em-with-a-knife-in-their-throat movies. When, after more than an hour of blatant but inoffensive audience manipulation, Rocky Balboa attacks the ring with Apollo Creed, the drama starts running out pure space and the plot begins to question. The beating Balboa takes, as it was the first time around, is framed as a victory, even though so by the fact that Rocky rounds very well and as Ward, and Dennis Coover (incredibly played by ex-footballer Carl Weathers) is pleased with a need for vindication; he wants to pound the Italian Stallion into oblivion, to prove the first match was a fluke.

And the fight is magnificent, as brutal and bloody as often as the human mind can imagine. If Stallone lacks the skills of *Rocky*'s director John G. Avildsen in other parts of the muscle (and he does the relationships scenes run a heat or two too long), his handling of the action is nothing short of brilliant. A silent, slow-motion sequence, with Rocky's face grotesquely distorted by punches, with blood and sweat flowing through the air, has you flinching, involuntarily looking back your head, almost lifting your

own hands to ward off the blows.

The story, of course, is one-long check, a fairy tale that backs back to the '80s. In fact, when trainer Burgess Meredith delivers his last-ditch sermon to Rocky, at 3 a.m. in a hospital chapel (where, naturally, Rocky is praying for *Rocky*), she is in a coma after delivery of their son, Rocky Jr. It is impossible not to think of George C. Scott in the great *Good* Movie, *Movie*.

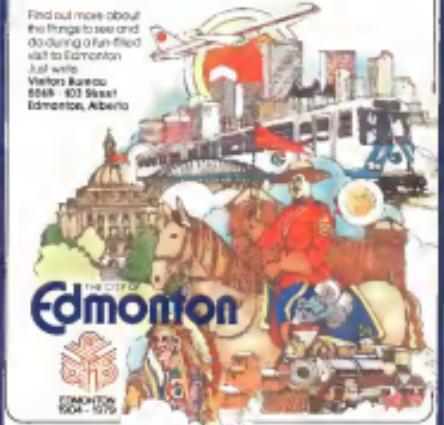
But who cares? Rocky Balboa is the stuff that dreams are made of, in an age when we said every dream we've got "the 'nobody' with, as he says it, "a related brain," blowing all the money

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# Stratford: daring if not soaring

By Patricia Keeney Smith

**W**ith *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Richard II*, *Henry IV* Parts I and II, *Ned and Jack*, and *The Importance of Being Earnest*, Artistic Director Robin Phillips launches for Stratford '79 a parade of poetic souls struggling for expression, determinedly approaching rehersing painfully for the responsibilities of life, and just playing for its own gleeful sake.

Phillips creates a daring season, if not a consistently soaring one. Strenuous youth and invention, as such, has shown largely three younger members of the company, but Phillips fails to recruit major role but contributes to some minor ones. Design and direction (the latter much delegated to Phillips, however), impresses over all.

The most stirring experiment of the Stratford season is a production of Shakespeare's *Richard II*. Against a stylized white set designed by Douglas Duce, triple casting is used in roles of the deposed king and his usurper, Bolingbroke. In the historical tetralogy that ends with *Henry V* (to be done next year), Shakespeare writes an epic of England—from the hierarchical Middle Ages, when king was next to God, through the bawling sea of war to a more expansive and politically enlightened time.

In *Richard II*, the small, colored farces of medieval tragedy are fading. Stratford's stark ceremonial interpretation emphasizes the transition, through a ritual arrangement of actors and plane, clear visuals. Vibrancy is absent. Verbal frames are thrown into high relief, facing us to face. The moral demands and rewards great attention.

Director Xie Caldwell draws distinctly different performances out of her three Richards. They are as they should be: finely wrought recreations of an age about to shatter. Nicholas Pennell as Richard as a white-faced, hollow-eyed, death-haunted king—all blonde fragility. The most regal of the trio, he is ornate and imperious as an Oriental mandarin, madly making words work, using language—the only instrument of power—is opaque and, hopefully, opaque. With almost primitive amorality, Pennell Merton gives us the king as eateth who, when he finally



*Ned and Jack* (Nicholas Pennell, left); *Leads Gorion* (part of the second part)

accepts defeat, languishes voluptuously in it. A poet of decadence, he dies like a grieved swan. Looking almost Christ-like, Stephen Russell's Richard is truly the king of stage. The scene slips effortlessly from the light innovation of questionable positions to a gentle pause, then a pure, ringing sorrow. It is a lyrical and joyful and Russell's last words—the leap across death—comes as a surprise. He falls into a moment of harmonic fury, remembering knight that he still on earth, though his spirit has "been singing sweet and song on his premature way to heaven."

After the rapture comes Richard. Russell gives us a towering Haliphray in *Henry IV* Part I. Never a boor, he is the heroic good-hearted Briton. Harry is his wife, Kate, full of brio and ready mirth, demanding "tricked pages" and "bloody roses." A soldier and no politician, he provides the intended fall to Shakespeare's more complex Renaissance knight type. Francis Hal. Curiously wanting the multiplying models of English. He over whom he must eventually rule, this character is excessively difficult to pin down. After Richard, Merton doesn't name. With his son (fearless) scheme of overseas self-education, Hal is to span the towering groundswell of England's unruly individuals like an arch. At least Peter Moon gives the concept graphic expression during a splendid coronation pageant that is strong across the stage like a gittering necklace at the play's end.

Hal must also compete for the limelight (the Part II especially) with the vicious passaques of ordinary life: the rapier lord of forbidden fruit, Falstaff, the amphetamine mobile portrait thanks to Louis Garrel, and his bright if scorded tower of a son, the spiky, Wood's acrylic Prince. Richard McFall's belligerent Falstaff and Mervyn Heavy's brittle, patrician, Doll Tearsheet. It's a rich, wide canvas with a memorable painting of country folk as well—the delicious satyrs of Shallow and Silence (Cedric Smith and Mervyn Hulme) in their rustic costumes.

Douglas Rann's rare-ways Henry IV finds nothing but desecration in his reign. We feel the weight of his crown and the torment of no-so-many days and nights that rattle to a volley of acid-musicalist rebellions that he initiates. If deposed Richard was a long-winded to sorrow, political necessity drags down the fourth Henry like a dead weight. His final reconciliation with Hal is brusquely by Hal's horrified whispering confession in which he promises to bury with a dying body the guilty bandos that has despoiled his life. Bolingbroke's hard-morn gift of peace barely brought through a ridge of constant adjustment, provides only slight relief in this somber, moving portrait of a king

truly "buck with bad blows."

Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost* is an intricate wisdom of adolescent amours and superbly decorative poetry. Its clever artifice is expressed simply and accurately by designer Douglas Duce and the director, by Phillips and Ugo Kacella, which choreographs over the faltering of the young actors into nearly satisfying and appropriately natural patterns. The light dialogue of the entrees is fine, rendering the play's four contextually sensible scenes

truly "buck with bad blows."

Stage business in the comedies is both clever and apt, supplying moments of observes, invention and childlike imagination which engage the audience's sympathy. It is essentially immature, sisterly, and a performance piece nobly performed.

Once more, Stratford officially celebrates White's translation *The Importance of Being Earnest*. His appeal to the heart if not to wit, for it's just right is Edwardian England admiringly lauding the inflated bubbles of class and cleverly with the brilliant air of absurd surface logic. The plot revolves around Lady Bracknell, that bane of British society played with deadly pugil by Wilhem Hart (also a hit in the 1976 version). Unerringly, director Phillips evolutes a lovely language for the garden scene between Muriel Marston's arch, country-dish Cecily, and Doctor Blatch's patently vengeous Gwendolen. The two play perfectly off each other, providing a refreshing break from the brash buster of the two men and all the witty repartees that open the play.

Again, performers show their many colors. Nicholas Pennell does John Worthing with a soft-spoken gentility that bares no trace of his tortured Richard. Similarly, Eric Danton's boy little Captain Cheshire is only a duster cause to his confirmed but well-meaning Hart in *Richard II*. Mrs. Amalia Hall's icy governor, Miss Prism, is a vision from her graved and entombed *Death of Gloucester* is Richard II.

The company continues to exhibit strength, especially in its senior forces, and consistently in its major females and its estates actors. Outstanding are William Neel's dismaying Gound and his prophetic Bishop Corin in *Richard II*, Michael Hogan's ready old Falstaffs of *Love's Labour's Lost* and his courageous Lord Chief Justice in *Henry IV*. While thematically a good teaching policy, the use of very young actors has substandard scene productions. So far, with two exceptions, one (the Bert Bernsberry sappy musical adaptation *Happy New Year*), and four well-done Shakespeare, the hard wins.



Stephen Russell as Richard II and son

evenly balanced casting. Alan Scarfe as John Barrymore, New York's Shakespeare darling of the theatre in the early part of this century, rolls about the stage like a big, bovine baby. Incompletely physical, self-destructive, impeccably honest and curiously talented, Scarfe's Jack is matched by Jim McQueen's dry-witted, acerbic, somewhat playwright who, early in his career, becomes beset with arthritis. They are linked into a symbiotic relationship, both nourishing and educating, understanding each other with the exactingness of a chapter in a play that has outlived its time.

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## After Trudeau's self-indulgent peacockery, a teen-age Eisenhower gets to run the store

By Allan Fotheringham

*Pierre Trudeau tried to lead Canadians out of the jungle, but they wouldn't come* —Carleton University Professor Patrick McFadden

**W**ould it be permissible, now that we've stood off a full bullet's length for a few weeks, to take a rather different look at a rather different man, Pierre Trudeau? As a tragedy-with-a-cork, the most popular man who decorated himself with pinkie-blinking and fiddle-deckery? The most unstable prime minister we've ever had (had it even possible) never once in 14 years allowed the public to penetrate the mask. He leaves office as he entered it—a steady mind and unshakable personality that the voters, in the end, tried of trying to unravel. We like shadiness in our leaders, but eventually we resent being cut off entirely from some cog peek inside the mind. That, in the end, is what doomed Pierre Trudeau. He accepted graciously the power he handed him but he would not hand back the nightmare caught into his soul.

Still, let us count the accomplishments. The current myth is that he was adored enthusiastically in 1968 by an anglophone Canada because he could "handle" Quebec but, in fact, in 11 years he made matters worse, producing only a separatist government in his own province. That is not true. He was fighting a rearguard action against hisator Claude Ryan in the first to concede that the Parti Québécois' skirmishes, when dealt with, in just one aspect of an evolving drama that will be with us long after René Lévesque is gone. Trudeau, through his bravery in going to Ottawa to give a point to the people he even now will not call "Québécois," fought for time and won it for another decade.

His "comrades"—Péleter, Marchand—and his allies—Lalonde, Goyer, Chételat, De Rose—designed forever the Under-Tuition of the tired Liberal hacks endemic to earlier Liberal regimes. Whatever the movement-of-independence feeling among young in-

tellectuals in Quebec, it would have been far stiffer without the Trudeau sacrifice on a higher percentage of francophones in the successive waves of the upper mandarins, without the virtual though faltering dream of reduced bilingualism among the western-longed, armed services, without the pointed lesson that a Peigan could be finance minister.

The lesson was learned at Quebec,

though it killed the party in Ontario and British Columbia. (The separation

and fake soul who on examination had an intellect. The same old white, masterfully, over their pictures of King of the Belgians Marconi. For that need many others we are in tiny debt to Pierre Trudeau, be honest.

He deserved, for sure, a remarkable increase in public interest in government and in the political process. Like Kennedy, he attracted people who presumably thought politics was the preserve (as it was) of dolled over with large ponds for waders and large vacuums for principles.

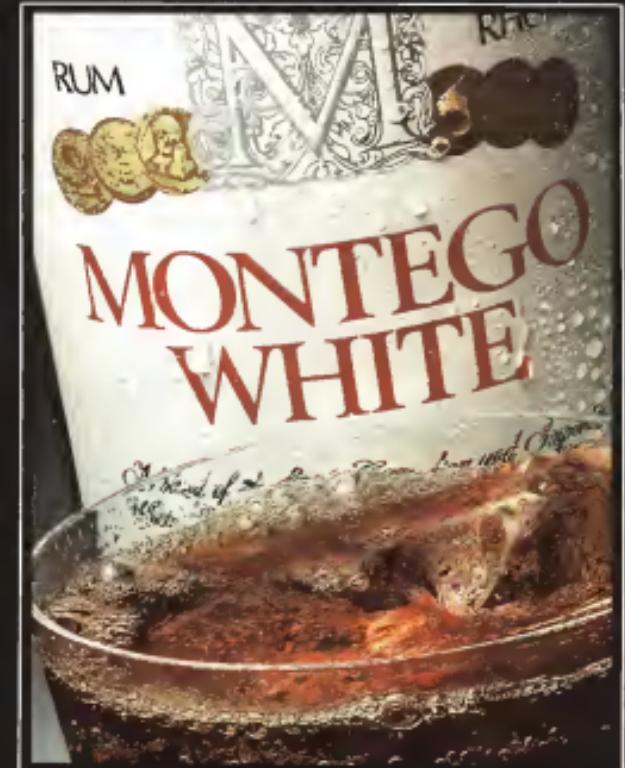
In the end, style stuck him. Reporters marvelled over his pride in swanning up to Rideau Hall to hand in his resignation in his Gullane-grooming Mercedes sports car, in fact, it simply reminded the sober voters gazing at their TV sets of the very reason why they dumped him. Self-indulgent peacockery. They wanted instead a teen-age Eisenhower to mind the store and now they've got him.

More? He made us think, in a way, of the two solidates simply by being our best leader who could swear, so eloquently and so volently, in two languages.

Just as much as he raised the headlines of those whose tickles he felt at the thought of oral sex boom, there has never been so much interest in right school and university and correspondence French Highs, in knowna pervert way, the ghost of Ra!

In retrospect, he was a lousy leader, the definition of a leader being someone who can gather strong statements around him, and Pierre Trudeau was an astonishing confection to his鄉er George Headen—confused what we all seemed free of. He felt no duty whatsoever to persuade wavering souls (gratuit, McDonnell, whatever) to stick with him, nor did he think it was his task to seek out replacements. Those who felt it incumbent must come in silence to the Son of God. He was not a leader. He was the original apothecary.

That was his fatal weakness. But he gave it a try. Give him credit for that.



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